JUKE

· AUSTRALIA'S · MUSIC · WEEKLY ·

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JULY 23, 1988 No.691 $2.20

BIG PIG *in London*

JUDAS PRIEST
in Spain

INXS
in Seattle

VICIOUS CIRCLE
in Melbourne

DEREK B
in clubland

BROS
in concert

BANDWAGON
making a B-side
in the bedroom

Premier Harbour agency PRESENT

Crowded House

better be home Late than Never 1988.

TOURING:

SAT 6 AUG	**PERTH ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE**
SUN 7 AUG	**PERTH ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE**
THURS 11 AUG	**ADELAIDE THEBARTON THEATRE**
TUES 16 AUG	**MELBOURNE FESTIVAL HALL**
THURS 18 AUG	**ALICE SPRINGS BASKETBALL STADIUM**
SAT 20 AUG	**DARWIN AMPHITHEATRE**
MON 22 AUG	**SYDNEY STATE THEATRE**
TUES 23 AUG	**SYDNEY STATE THEATRE**
WED 24 AUG	**SYDNEY STATE THEATRE**

ST 748763

TEMPLE OF LOW MEN OUT NOW EMI

STONES LP NEXT YEAR!

Mick Jagger, finally here in September for a solo tour, last week confirmed that the Rolling Stones would reform next year for an album.

Speaking to Australian journalists via satellite from London to announce his first solo tour of Australia in September and October, Jagger said he had already written 15 songs for the long-awaited LP.

"We plan to do something in 1989 . . . we're going to do an album first," Jagger told the gathered throng at Sydney's Intercontinental Hotel from a Soho rehearsal stage.

"I've already started writing songs for that, that's what I've been doing this summer.

"We're looking forward to doing the record and hopefully doing some shows after that. Don't ask if we're coming to Australia because I don't know."

Jagger's reluctance to go back to the Stones in the past has agitated its other members and his announcement should be taken seriously by the legendary band's army of fans.

Jagger denied there was a riff between him and other band members.

"We do socialise. It's not just a business arrangement," Jagger said.

"You can't be musicians and just have a business arrangement."

"I've been writing songs with Charlie Watts and I'll do some with Ron Wood sometime in autumn and Keith Richards when he's finished his solo stuff.

"But it's all not until next year."

Jagger's tour of Japan in March was a major success with the veteran rocker drawing a largely teenage audience who were not born when he first burst on the scene in the 1960s.

"In Japan they were very young but I don't necessarily expect that in Australia, " he said.

"Over seventy I think — we're looking for the crutches. Seriously, there'll be people my age and some younger, I suppose."

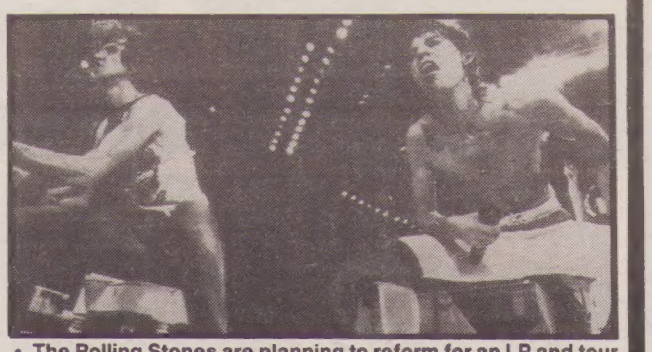
Despite being well into his forties, Jagger stressed he is far from finished and revealed the key to his seemingly eternal youthfulness.

"I try to drink too much and always run up the stairs to get to bed," he joked.

"When you get to my age you shouldn't do too much exercise. You might fall down dead!"

Jagger's dates for the tour, sponsored by American shoe manufacturer Reebok, are: September 22, Brisbane Entertainment Centre; September 26, 27, Sydney Entertainment Centre; October 6, National Tennis Centre, Melbourne; October 10, Burswood Superdome, Perth.

STEVE MASCORD



• **The Rolling Stones are planning to reform for an LP and tour next year.**

POISON IN DECEMBER?

Platinum American glammers Poison will be here for a national tour later this year, according to pouting frontman Brett Michaels.

Speaking exclusively to *Juke* from his California home, Michaels either confirmed Australia was slated into the Poison tour schedule for either late December or early January.

"We'll be down there for sure," said Michaels. "We're doing our very first headlining tour in America soon, then we're off to Europe and Japan, so Australia will just about finish us off."

Despite the huge success of the band's first album *Look What The Cat Dragged In* internationally and the new opus *Open Up And Say . . . Ahh!* making an instant impression on US charts, Australia is yet to be Poisoned.

But Michaels said the band was willing to risk financial failure to break itself as a live act Down Under.

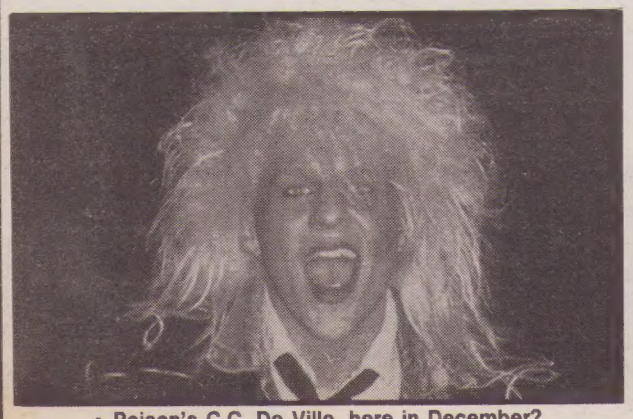
"I know nobody's probably heard of us in Australia and we've got to accept that," said Michaels.

"It's not going to be easy for us to come in and establish ourselves, but we're going to have to prove ourselves."

Unless the band's current single 'Nothin' But A Good Time' or follow-up 'Fallen Angel' chart here, Poison is expected to play medium size venues like Sydney's Hordern Pavillion or Melbourne's Festival Hall.

The Los Angeles-based rockers are reportedly embroiled in several law suits, including a fight over their debut album by record labels Capital and Enigma and some other actions by groups claiming to have been ripped off.

"When our first album came out, for a year no-one gave a f..k.



• **Poison's C.C. De Ville, here in December?**

• **Joan Armatrading in September.**

VILLAGE PEOPLE THIS MONTH

An extensive Village People club tour kicks off later this month and takes the band right through until the end of August.

The Village People toured here late last year and are returning to promote a new single called 'Livin' In The Wildlife'. An LP is also expected soon.

Full Village People dates are listed in 'International Tours' on page 27.

JOAN ARMATRADING IN SEPTEMBER TOO

Joan Armatrading will be in Australian to promote her new LP *Shouting Stage*, in September.

The LP is expected to be released here in August, along with the title-track single.

Armatrading last toured here in 1985.

Shouting Stage, her thirteenth album, featured a starstudded cast of musicians, including Mark Knopfler, Alan Clark, Manu Katch, Dave Rhodes and Mark Brzezicki.

Joan's world tour kicks off in the United Kingdom in August and moves on to America, before arriving in Australia in September.

Venues have yet to be confirmed for the Joan Armatrading tour, but dates for each city are:

September:

5 — Brisbane
7 — Melbourne
9 — Canberra
11 — Sydney
15 — Adelaide
18 — Perth

ANGELS JOIN READING BILL

The Angels have been added on to the bill of the prestigious English Reading Festival next month.

Also appearing at the three day show (now in its 26th year!) are Iggy Pop, Squeeze, Starship, The Godfathers, Meat Loaf, Bonnie Tyler, Smithereens, Bo-Deans, Gene Loves Jezebel, and Deacon Blue among others.

At the same time, a live EP is out in America late next month with an LP scheduled later in the year, probably through Chrysalis Records.

Obviously The Angels need to attack the overseas market as their future depends on it. They've been playing Australia since 1973 and been one of its top bands for more than ten years.

Yet o/s success has eluded them. On the tour before their recent three-set tour, the band had been accused of going through the motions — a criticism that drummer Brent Eccles says is "pretty fair comment".

Within weeks, the band will announce if it's signed to Chrysalis or Capitol for the overseas market. At the moment, the bet is on Chrysalis as the label's boss Mike Bone is a metal-head and reportedly quite a fan of the band.

Meantime, Eccles is hardly forthcoming about their future plans:

What are the Angels recording plans?

"No plans as yet."

It's been two years since you released anything new.

"Yeah, so what?"

Well, put one out!

"We'll put one out next year."

How committed are The Angels members to the band?

"Absolutely. You can't make commitments like we have if you're not committed."

Is the interest waning slightly?

"No."

— SCOTT HOWLETT

Pulse

CONWAY TO SING WITH TOWNSEND

Do Re Mi's lead singer, Deborah Conway, will next month sing on several tracks for Pete Townshend's new album.

Now signed to Virgin Records, Townshend, legendary guitarist with the now-defunct Who, asked Conway after seeing and hearing Do Re Mi play at the prestigious Hammersmith Palais in London.

Conway will record the tracks at Townshend's personal studio, Eel Pie.

The band's manager, Keith Welsh, has confirmed the association.

Meanwhile, Do Re Mi is in a London studio with producer Martin Rushent recording some new tracks for future, as yet unscheduled, release. There is also talk that Conway will soon be getting ready to record a solo album. Welsh confirmed that Conway had been talking about a solo album for "some time" but added no firm details have been worked out.

Back on the Do Ri Me front, Welsh says the members of the band are remaining philisophical about the relative commercial failure of Do Re Mi's second album. *The Happiest Place In Town*. The album failed to dent the UK charts as was hoped and fared moderately in Australia.

"I don't think the band members are disappointed," Welsh told *Juke*. "They do what they want to do and will keep on doing it without changing their beliefs. It's just a question of going on."

Welsh said the album's failure in the UK rested largely with radio stations lack of support.

"Basically, we were hearing people say: 'We need another rock song on our airwaves like a hole in the head'." Welsh said.

— SCOTT HOWLETT

FERRY TREADS THE BOARDS AFTER ALL

After spending the last six months denying that he would tour again, Bryan Ferry is doing just that — he's currently rehearsing a new band in New York for a US tour.

It will be his first for five years.

The suave singer/songwriter's band features ace drummer Andy Newmark, rhythm guitarist Neil Hubbard, bassist Luico Hopper, guitarist Jeff Thall and a soon to be named keyboards player.

After the success of *Bete Noire* worldwide, there's been a tremendous pressure for Ferry to tour.

Earlier this year he played this stunning show at New York's Ritz Club with some friends . . . shows which brought more pressure, this time from critics, for him to travel with it.

Ferry preferred to trek around the world doing interviews and doing the occasional club date, which he did in Melbourne and Sydney when he visited here.

The US tour is officially scheduled to kick off on August 5 in Philadelphia although there are rumours of a warm-up show two days before that in New England.

Ferry and band will do 30 shows and wind up on September 18 at the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles.

On Ferry's last Australian tour, his band featured guitarist Chris Spedding . . . who's currently visiting here as part of Jerry Harrison's Casual Gods. —

BARBED WIRES

Edited by **CHRISTIE ELIEZER**

The best laid plans . . . after a promising start, **Van Halen's** *Monsters Of Rock* tour in the US is starting to lose money. On paper, it looks like a project that couldn't lose — a nine-hour concert featuring Van Halen, **Scorpions, Dokken, Metallica** and **Kingdom Come.** A gross of $50 million was expected, and some weeks ago promoters announced they were delighted with advance bookings. The tour was estimated to go to two million fans before winding up on July 30 in Denver.

However, once the tour started, audience attendances didn't keep up to expectations, and one of the mammoth shows had to be cancelled.

Promoters are whinging over spilled cream, but are equally baffled that the tour isn't pulling. The delayed LP releases by Van Halen and Da Scorps has been cited as one reason, as have steep ticket prices, overly long show, the fact that Van Halen fans might have disapproved of some of the other acts on the bill, and the premature announcement that various bands on the bill would be doing tours of their own directly after.

The show at the Miami Orange Bowl drew only 27,180 instead of 78,460, causing the promoter to lose $300,000. The Rich Stadium in Orchard Park in New York has a capacity of 50,000 but drew only 31,000. At Philadelphia's 90,000-capacity JFK Stadium, only half to three quarters of the seats sold.

However, at this point of time, the promoters are putting on a brave face and saying that while Monsters Of Rock didn't pull the figures they expected, audiences were still large. There's still excited talk there'll be another one held next year . . . face saving, you think?

The way it's going to affect us in Australia is that a *Monsters Of Rock* Down Under tour was planned by the organisers for next year, and the current round of statistics might make them a whole lot more cautious about staging it.

• Sydney's **Hippos** keyboardsplayer **Bridie King** looks like she could be taking the band off the road for awhile. She's about to give birth any day now . . .

• Perth's **Kryptonics** have broken up, what with drummer **Russell Hopkinson** deciding to concentrate on his other band **Cremator** while **Greg Hitchcock** is to become a full time surf star with **The Neptunes.**

Leader **Ian Underwood** intends to put a new band together with another name. The Kryptonics played their last show at the Old Melbourne Hotel with **The Scarlets** and **The Cherrytones.**

• Two **Motley Crue** fans from Alabama have received more than $175,000 from the band in an out-of-court settlement after being injured at one of their shows. Seventeen-year-old **Robbie Millar** lost an eye and 19-year-old **David Wright** received facial cuts from flying dry ice. The pair originally sued for $1.2 million.

• Red faces all around for new British chart-busters **The Primitives** during a tour of Germany. Their publicist had got the name of their drummer **Tig** wrong, and every poster and interviewer had him down as **Pig.**

• Italian disco star **Sabrina** reveals she got a rather excited letter from a rather excited fan threatening to commit suicide unless she promised to have dinner with him.

• **Trash trivia:** British photographer **Anton Corbijn** was paid about $50,000 for his cover shot for **U2's** *The Joshua Tree.*

• Will **Pat Benatar** release her rendition of Sydney band **Rattling Sabres'** "All Fired Up" as a single?

• Now that it's over? Following on from the **Masters Apprentices** reunion, **Doug Ford** and **Colin Burgess** are staying together in **Motherload,** along with bassist **Roger Faynes** and **Marenella** on vocals. Masters songs and Hendrix rave-ups are promised in the set.

• **Weddings Parties Anything's** bassist **Peter Lawler** collapsed from exhaustion during a gig in Geelong (Vic).

• Melbourne grebos **Dirty Rats** have had their guitars ripped off. The gear consisted of two custom-made Fender Stratocasters (one blue, the other brown) a red Rickenbacker stereo bass, an Ovation acoustic Washburn 12-string with a sunburst finish.

All are stencilled with the Dirty Rats logo, so it wouldn't be advisable to play them in public. So, why not return it to the guys, huh, a struggling band's got better things to do than try to survive $10,000 worth of gear getting nicked.

If you've got the stuff or know someone who does, give us a call here at *Juke.* No questions if you don't want them.

• In America, **Michael Jackson's** *Bad* makes history by becoming the first album to yield no less than *five* No. 1 hits off a long-player. Not bad for a LP that everybody and his dog — including this paper, we sheepishly remember — slagged to the hilt.

With "Dirty Diana" topping the US charts, MJ equals **The Supremes'** 1964/65 achievement of having five chart-toppers within a ten-month period. Only one act has scored more number ones at a heavier rate — **The Beatles** which had *six* of the critters between February and December 1964.

This gives Jackson his *ninth* solo chart topper in the US, beating **Stevie Wonder's** eight, although he's got a long way to beat Elvis Presley's 18.

• **Diana Ross** hates "ugly things" so much that, at her concerts, she insists everything ugly backstage be draped in fabulously divine (daaahling) designer silk fabrics.

• **Metallica's** next LP *And Justice For All* out overseas on August 1.

• Sydney's **Club Ska** has bitten the dust. No future plans of the various members have been announced, although guitarist **Stuart Crysell** has rejoined his old band **The Allniters.**

• Melbourne's **Urban Principle,** which co-wrote the score for a new movie called *Female* with **John Justin** (it was screened at the recent Sydney Film Festival), has just completed the score to a documentary on the Kensington Community Theatre project.

• Whose got expensive habits? **Madonna** is so terrified that the tap water in Los Angeles county will ruin the paintwork of her $60,000 Mercedes 560SL that she gets two car valets to drive out to her Malibu pad each week to wash the thing with dozens of litres of bottled water.

Rap star **Eric B** has just bought a $1500 gold chain . . . for his pet black panther!

Terence Trent D'Arby flew his London hairdresser all the way to America to give him a trim. The dude declared Tez didn't need the snips, and then presented him with a $4,000 bill for his time. Incidentally, Tez refused to shake hands with a journalist because the chap described his arch-rival **Prince** as "God".

• **Twisting the night away: Venetians' Rick Swinn** badly twisted his ankle when the band, returning from Queensland dates, ran into problems. Their van hit a puddle in heavy rains, skidded off the road and into a tree.

• In Europe, **INXS** blew out some dates when drummer **Jog's** old skateboarding ankle injury played up.

Incidentally, with "New Sensation" climbing into the American Top 10, INXS become the first ever Australian act to land three Top 10 hits from one LP. **Men At Work** managed two each from *Business As Usual* and *Cargo.*

• Already dumped by its record label BMG, LA band **Autograph's** future looks bleak with the departures of keyboardsplayer **Steve Isham** and drummer **Keni Richards.**

• **Rick Astley** turned down a $50,000 offer from an Arab sheik to play at his daughter's birthday party.

• Portraits of **Tiffany** will adorn five million boxes of Coco-Puffs in the US later this year, following a deal struck by her record company's coco-lossal marketing division.

• **Huey Lewis'** upcoming *Small World* LP features guests **Bruce Hornsby,** jazz man **Stan Getz** and funk champs **Tower Of Power.**

• Funny how money can heal all wounds. It wasn't that long ago that the **Everly Brothers** refused to talk to each other (the feud went on for ten years). Yet there they are in Florida, recording a new LP together.

Sixties American band **The Rascals** broke up because they hated each other and they didn't mind who knew it. But business is business, and the band, which had huge hits with "Groovin' " "People Gotta Be Free" and "See", is back together for a US tour. Singer **Felix Cavaliere,** drummer **Dino Danelli** and guitarist **Gene Cornish** (bassist **Ed Brigati** declined the invitation) say that if they don't strangle each other on the tour, they'll stay together for a record.

At the same time, despite the we-are-family spiel from the reformed **Lynyrd Skynyrd,** the widow of singer **Ronnie Van Zant** tried to stop the release of its new LP *Tribute To Lynyrd Skynyrd.* She failed, but the court agreed that the LP cover should have a sticker informing buyers that the record was not by the "classic" lineup.

"This isn't *just* a front door . . . it's a fashion statement . . . man!"
Who is this man? Good question. One clue is that he has been involved in the Oz music industry for over a decade, likes the odd free lunch and still dresses like the photo! If you think you know the answer, write it on the back of an envelope, along with you name and address and send it to: "Mystery Hunk competitin, Juke Magazine, PO Box 628E, Melbourne, 3001. The first 12 correct entries opened will receive a copy of the new Crowded House LP *Temple Of Low Men.*

• A case of whitewash? Although the anti-apartheid forces in South Africa and Britain applaud white south African **Johnny Clegg,** the British Musicians Union says that Clegg still contravened its policies that none of its members can play in South Africa. Clegg has been expelled from the union, which means that he can no longer perform in the UK.

A spokesperson says that whether an act is "approved" by anti-apartheid forces is irrelevant to them; they act on the fact their policy is broken. Ironically, because of the ruling, Clegg had to blow out his appearance at the **Nelson Mandela** birthday bash in London where he was to sing his song "Asimbonanga (Mandela)" which was banned in South Africa and reached No 1 in France. Even Mandela's wife **Winnie** intervened to get Clegg on the super-concert.

• When returning to London from a video shoot in Spain, **Pogues' Shane McGowan** was stopped at customs and had a recently purchased sword confiscated. Oi you, bring yer own.

• Melbourne thrash metallurgists **Renegade** had $5,000 worth of gear nicked from their rehearsal room.

• The newspapers might make a big fuss about Mick Jagger's "problems" with daughter **Jade** but they don't tell you that another daughter — 18-year-old **Karis,** by singer **Marsha Hunt** — is so bright she's been offered a scholarship to the highly prestigious University Of Princeton.

• Golden-throated Sydney singer **Peter Blakely** (currently recording in the US with **Jimmy Jam** and Terry Lewis.

• No, **Morrisey** is NOT about to tour in the foreseeable future. Meantime, **Johhny Marr** is working on demos for his solo debut.

• Has the success of **Tracy Chapman,** well-known **Joan Armatrading** soundalike, motivated Ms Armour-plating to get off her ass and back into the spotlight?

Who knows . . . but Armatrading has just announced a British tour and the imminent issue of a new LP which features a couple of **Dire Straits** members.

• **Boy George** says he's recorded 25 tracks for his next LP, including "You Are My Heroin" about his drug addiction. Why do people who tell journalists "I don't wanna talk about my drug past" then go ahead and record songs about it, so more journos will ask questions about it?

• **Prince's** record company in Malaysia has refused to release *Lovesexy* there in case the naked record cover enrages Muslim religious leaders into having them stoned to death.

However the LP hasn't been banned by the government, so is still available in the import shops where it's doing brisk business.

• To celebrate **Jethro Tull's** 20th anniversary, Festival Records will issue a five-album/three-cassette/three-CD package and 20-page booklet of Tull material including the hits (remixed), unreleased masters, rare B-sides, live recordings and two new studio cuts.

• Does Australia miss out on another **Iron Maiden** tour? Despite early plans to visit here, singer **Bruce Dickenson** admits that after the US and European dates that wind up in mid-November, the band goes OFF the road, with no Aussie dates planned.

SCORNFLAKES ©'88
A SERIAL
Nº8 CHECKING OUT THE COMPETITION
-Maurice-
AT AN INNER CITY VENUE ONE NIGHT
CANT WAIT TO SEE THIS BAND.... IVE HEARD THEY'RE ABSOLUTE CRAP.
C'D EVENING.
READY FOR THIS?
MATE! UNBELIEVABLE! WHAT A BAND... WHAT POWER, WHAT EMOTION. MATE!
WOOO... LISTEN TO THAT! THIS IS THE BEST BAND IVE EVER SEEN WOOO—
HOT! WHAT A DRUMMER... GOD, IF WE WERE EVEN HALF AS GOOD AS THIS....
AT THE END OF THE SHOW...
MORE
THANK-YOU C'NIGHT
LETS GET OUTTA HERE
ENCORE
MORE
SO - WHAT DID YOU THINK?
NO POWER. NO EMOTION.
THEY'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE
OH, Y'KNOW. O.K. — ROTTEN MIX THOUGH.
WORST BAND IVE EVER SEEN...
HOPELESS....
TACKY LIGHT SHOW.
DRUMMER CANT KEEP TIME....
WAN-KERS!

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WEDDINGS HAVE SOMETHING TO BRAGG ABOUT

When British socialist folk singer Billy Bragg announced he was a great fan of Weddings Parties Anything, he put his money where his mouth was.

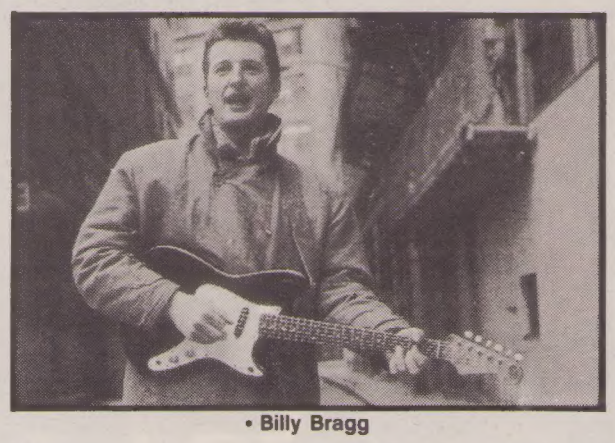
He's taken the band under his wing determined to let them have a crack at the overseas market.

Earlier this year when the band were touring North America, he gave them valuable exposure by asking them to support him on some of his dates.

In September, WPA will fly to England to do a week's dates of shows with Bragg, followed by three weeks in America.

At the same time, Bragg will be releasing a changed version of the band's debut LP *Scorn Of The Women* in the UK through his own label.

After the Bragg show, Wedding Parties Anything will do 30 shows in Canada by themselves. The band's impressed the media and punters alike earlier this year, and the country's *The Record* magazine has just given 4½ stars to *Roaring Days*.



• Billy Bragg

SETZER FIRES UP

Former Stray Cats leader Brian Setzer is about to go back on the road in America with his new band — featuring bassist Tommy Byrnes and drummer Jerry Angel.

He is supporting George Thorogood & The Destroyers on a lengthy tour.

At the same time, his new LP *Live Nude Guitars* is getting rave reviews, some saying it's his best effort to date. It marks his return to rockabilly and shows more energy than his last, the disappointing *The Knife Feels Like Justice*.

The LP boasts two producers, Chris Thomas (very hot indeed after working on INXs *Kick* and the other Dave Stewart of The Eurthymics. Brian and Dave reportedly got on like a house on fire when they both discovered they shared a love for Harley motorbikes.

Says Setzer happily "He has no conception of where I'm coming from, so what he does to my music is his vision — it's like Year 2000 rockabilly.

"We just kinddaa drifted together somehow. He bought a Harley and a Cadillac and wanted to know about baseball, and that's all I do."

Setzer is still close friends with the other two Strat Cats, Slim Jim Phantom and Lee Rocker. The three reunited for the *Rock Theraphy* in between Setzer's solo LPs.

"It was fun, it was a drunken weekend which is how I like making rockabilly records. It started out for business reasons, because we had to get out of a bad publishing deal but it turned out great. I'd like to make a record with them in the future."

PEPPERS GUITARIST DIES

Hillel Slovak, founding member and guitarist of the Los Angeles punk-funk band The Red Hot Chili Peppers has been found dead in his home.

At press-time the exact circumstances were not known.

The Peppers had just returned from a successful European tour to promote their *The Uplift Mojo Party Plan* a week before his death. According to a managmeent spokesperson, Slovak was in a healthy state during that tour.

The Peppers have announced they will stay together.

The Red Hot Chili Peppers were formed in 1983 and quickly got noticed for their brash comic fusion of dirty guitar funk, street rap bravado and punk aggression. Slovak's work with the similar band What Is This prevented him from playing on the Peppers' debut LP but he rejoined the group in 1985 for the George Clinton produced *Freaky Styley*.

A five-track EP *Abbey Road* was released in Europe in May and set for world release in August. The record contains material from the Chili Peppers five year career, some of it featuring Slovak.

The Israeli born guitarist is survived by his parents and a brother.

The Peppers will start work on their fourth album shortly. They were originally scheduled to begin on June 19 but Slovak died two days before.

RUSSIAN HEAVY METAL?

Heavy metal is no longer attacked by Soviet authorities — this softening of the official line follows the release by the state owned record company Melodiya of the first HM album.

The LP was recorded by Cruise, whose group leader Valeri Gaina is said to be Russia's top rock guitarist. The band has now been booked through official channels to do a tour through Hungary, Spain, East Germany, hopefully West Germany... and even Bulgaria where heavy metal is officially banned in discos and radio, and where no HM album has been issued.

Soviet heavy rock has found an ally in Vincent Romero, a Spanish disc jockey who also edits Spain's major HR magazine. Earlier this year, Romero attended the '87 Yurmala pop song festival in Riga, in Latvia, and spoke to Soviet authorities about the possibility of releasing Russian records in Spain.

The first compilation will be a HM one, featuring Cruise, Black Coffee,Hard Day, August, Autograph and Master. The second will be pop tracks by Bravo, Rondo Mashina Vremeni etc. Some of these acts have been invited to play a Spanish rock festival next year.

According to Romero, Soviet rockers tend to be musically more imaginative than their Western counterparts but are held back by inferior recording studios and equipment. Once they are given the chance to record in the West, he tips, they could become huge attractions.

HEY, HEY, IT'S DARYL FOR ROCK FINAL

Gold Logie Winner and "Hey, Hey" Host, Daryl Somers, will be guest presenter at the Australian Final of Juke/Yamaha Rock 88. The venue is Billboard and the date is Wednesday, August 3, commencing at 8.30pm. The final will be preceded by a Celebrity Reception, which will be attended by music and record industry personalities.

The Australian Final will feature Australia's five top unsigned rock and roll bands, who have reached the final 'showdown' from 450 other bands from around the country. This, in itself, is quite an achievement for the five bands, who are:

Man Friday	Victoria
Blue 31	Victoria
Janz	Victoria
Taboo	New South Wales
Hunter's Moon	New South Wales

Each band will perform two original songs, and the winning band, as nominated by an expert adjudication panel, will be awarded a handful of prizes, including:

★ $5,000 cash
★ $5,000 worth of Yamaha musical equipment
★ A $5,000 digital demo recording at Metropolis Audio

★ An all-expenses paid trip to perform in Hong Kong at an Asia Ocea Semi-Final, against 7 other countries, and if successful there,
★ An all-expenses paid trip to perform in the ultimate showcase, the International Final in Tokyo on October 30.

Admission to the Australian Final on August 3 is free, and is certainly a night not to be missed. Therefore, you should plan on arriving early!

Further information on the Australian Final, relating to the adjudication panel and personalities attending, will be announced in forthcoming issues of Juke.

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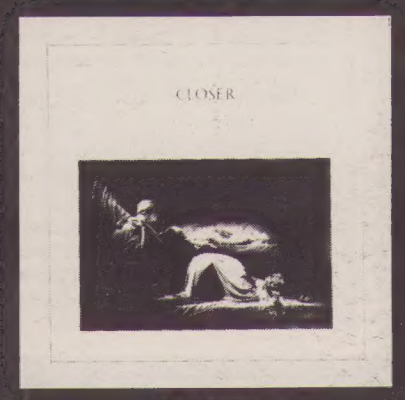

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FACTORY AUSTRALASIA

CYCLIC MAINTENANCE

Brian Jones discovers that VICIOUS CIRCLE are in the mood for a melody . . .

So how does a leading Melbourne hardcore band like Vicious Circle end up taking along Perth's thrash-metal Cremator on its current six week tour through four states?

The fact that Cremator's drummer Russell Hopkinson used to play with the Melbourne outfit a long time ago is one link. The two also share a record label.

But according to Vicious Circle singer Paul, the link goes much deeper.

"There's a complete network of bands, publicists, writers and promoters working within the hardcore and thrash scene to help each other out. There's very little support from outside so we help each other get gigs and publicity, and that keeps the whole scene striving.

"Hardcore's got a lot of attention mostly in the last 18 months, but the network's been around for ages. In Melbourne, the Reactor label was putting out hardcore stuff in '81, '82, and the label's just put out a double compilation of Australian hardcore which includes us, Depression, Where's The Pope and End Result . . . and that itself proves that hardcore bands in this country can stand up to anything coming from overseas."

The Australian network is part of a larger international network, where bands and fans send each other records and mail to keep in touch. In this way, Vicious Circle have managed to get their records released in America and Europe, and did a US tour, two years ago.

Ten years ago, punk and metal were mortal enemies. The punks were short haired, thought themselves enlightened and positive and were at the forefront of anti-sexist, anti-racist and antimeat projects. They hated metal because they thought it was dull, plodding and degrading to women. The metal worshippers thought punk was nasty, vicious and just a dumb noise.

But over the last few years, both punk and metal energised themselves — and points. Suddenly, punks and metalheads were going to the same gigs to see the same bands. They were initially suspicious of each other, of course, but you can't slam dance next to someone for an hour without breaking the ice.

Although Vicious Circle's new album *Into The Void* (through Waterfront) has a touch more metal than previous efforts, Paul maintains that listening to metal records still leaves him enraged.

"I find them sexist and stupid but I like the energy. The bands I like from that genre are Metallica, Anthrax and early Sabbath.

"But while I was heavily influenced by punk, I'm just as much a fan of the blues, of records by people like Muddy Waters. They're simple, and just so full of emotion, and that's what I get off on in music."

So is it important for Paul to see hardcores and metals in his crowd become one big mass?

"Well, basically I don't divide them up into that. They're just people who come along to see the band. I'm not even sure what they specifically come along for — some come for the entertainment, others for the aggression, others for the live theatre.

"When you start dividing a mass of people into haircuts and colours and things, then you extend that to dividing people along the lines of colour and religion, and that's where racism comes in."

Are most Oz hardcore bands generally left-wing or rightwing?

"If there are any rightwing bands, then I don't associate with them. Within one band you can get a lot of varying opinions, I suppose. But bigotry makes me sick — I went along to a hardcore gig and there were all these idiots in National Front T-shirts giving Sieg Heil cheers. It's not fair to mention the band's name because they don't hold such views."

Do Vicious Circle play a lot of benefits?

"Sure, everything from Animal Liberation to the Spastic Society to public radio stations."

Does he get hassled a lot on the street for the way he looks?

"Not more than anybody else in a minority, a spastic person probably gets more problems from other people than a hardcore follower. It's funny but when we were in America, I got chased out of a restaurant by its manageress. All I wanted was something to eat but she didn't want this rough looking object in case he upset the families there so she actually chased me out!"

Vicious Circle have come a long way since their first gig in late '83 at the infamous Seaview Ballroom in Melbourne, to a host of delighted punks. They've remained independent, toured through the East Coast numerous times, gigged in the US with hardcores like Agnostic Front, GBH and Millions Of Dead Cops, and on *Into The Void* move away from punk cliches to a music that deals with more melody and moods.

PAINT IT BLACK

Jillian Hughes asks Colin Vearncombe about his favourite color . . .

I'm an emotional yo-yo . . . I can go from being very happy to being very unhappy within minutes. The most trivial things push me over the edge, actually.

"That's why I hate getting into discussions about politics and religion because I get over-emotional, and I lose track of all logic! But the great thing about it is that I write my songs from personal tragedies, so the more of an emotional yo-yo I am, the more ideas for songs I get.

"Out of my broken marriage, I got a couple of hit singles, so I don't feel too bad about that at all!"

Colin Vearncombe hails from Liverpool and turned 26 on May 25. He writes beautifully constructed songs, most of which pop into his head when he goes on his daily jog on the green near his flat in the Sefton Park area of Liverpool. The broken marriage gave him two hits "Sweetest Smile" and "Wonderful Life" last year in Britain. The latter has just become a big hit in Australia.

Colin is the one-man pop band Black. Despite the mournful nature of his songs, he's quite an intelligent and jolly sort of bloke, who'll sheepishly admit he once played guitar for a Liverpool punk band called, wait for it, The Epileptic Tits.

Then the singer left, so Colin thought he'd have a go. He says he was quite an awful singer but nobody else wanted the role so he stuck on as singer. He changed the band's name to Tilt and then to Black in 1981.

A year later they were a twosome — Colin and a very talented keyboardsplayer called Dave Dix. Now they're just one, with Dave opting to become Black's record producer. Like most "overnight sensations", Colin spent a lot of time banging on locked doors and getting quite ignored.

Then, of course, someone on British radio heard "Sweetest Smile" and loved it and started to play it, and . . . well you know the rest.

To market, to market: "I have no control over who likes the records. I get letters from middle-aged men and pre-teen girls. It's a wide audience, a 'wide demographic outline' as the boys in the record company would say.

"Right from the very start I wanted Black to be my favourite band, to play the sort of music that I'd be proud to play because no-one else was doing it. I always had the feeling that once people hear it, they'd like it. They're basically good songs which are sung well."

That's not bluster, that's fact. Black's pop is superior, neither pandering or talking down to its listener. It is beautifully crafted but with a strong human element. Colin's voice is very English and very moody . . . a result, one assumes, of the opera singing he was taught in his younger days.

It is a young adult's pop.

"It doesn't mean that to me, but I guess I'm a young adult, aren't I? It's funny for pop audiences at the moment. In the '50s and '60s it was the teenagers who had all that spare money, so rock music and films and clothes were mostly designed for the teenagers.

"But these days it's the yuppies, those over-30s, who've got all the money, and the entire music industry is geared to them. All those old time acts from the '60s, like the Grateful Dead, are bigger than ever before. If there's ever a time for bands from that era to reform, it's now. It must be so tempting for a band like Led Zeppelin . . . all they'd have to do is get a drummer, do a coast to coast tour of the States and utterly clean up."

So where does that leave new acts?

"They've become almost irrelevant. New acts are a nuisance, almost, because they have to be looked after and nurtured. A lot of record companies must look very suspiciously at new acts."

Like most white middle class kids in England, Colin remembers his childhood as being very ordinary. Then one day he saw Elvis Presley in *Jailhouse Rock* and he changed immediately. He and friends held "concerts" in his bedroom with cardboard guitars. In his late teens, he was enthusiastically digging Queen, Ted Nugent and Blue Oyster Cult, very loud and often very violent bands.

Not surprisingly, given the records he now makes, he confesses he no longer listens to those records.

"I used to get quite excited by Queen, I got their first live records and the first ever show I saw was theirs, at the Liverpool Empire, and they were brilliant. But these days I've gone right off Freddie Mercury, he seems to want to be the Liberace of the '90s and that doesn't impress me at all!"

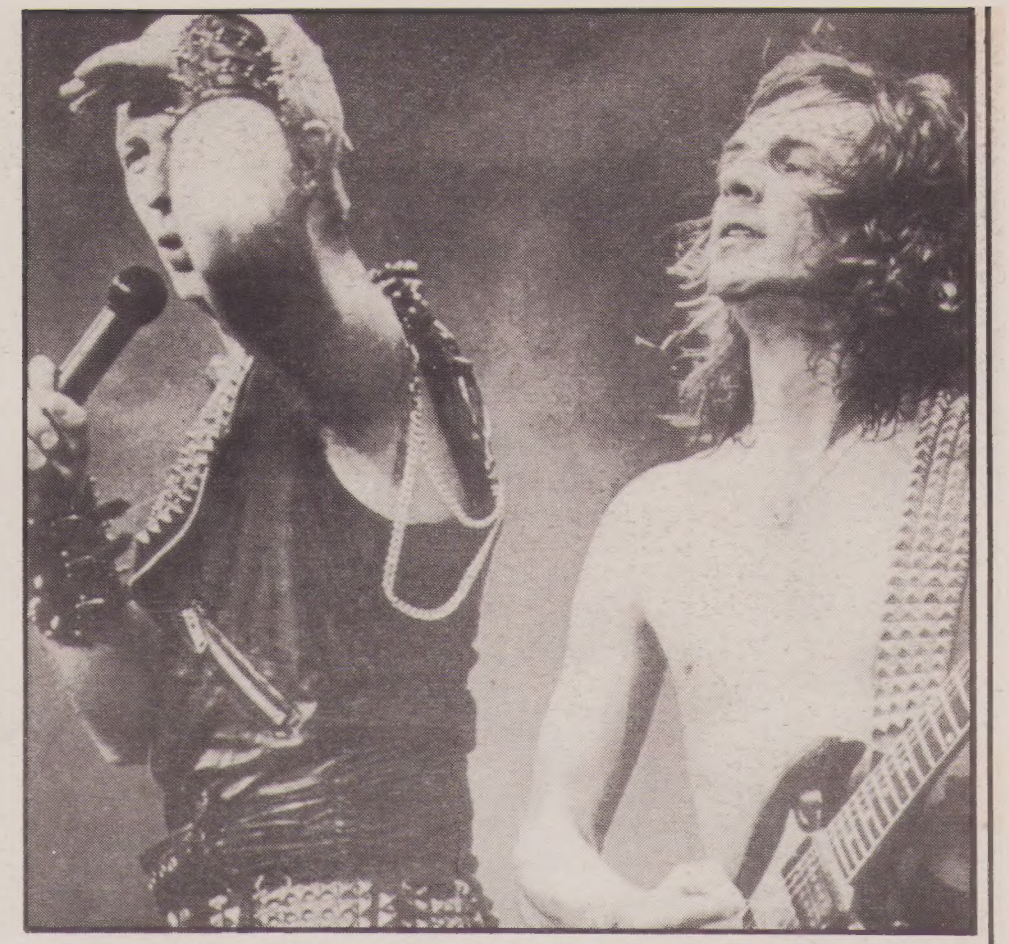
Any close friends from the Liverpool music clique?

"We all know each other, I'm on nodding terms to people like Dead Or Alive and Frankie Goes To Hollywood. I'm good friends with It's Immaterial, actually. The first time I got up onstage I refused to do it in Liverpool, didn't want those guys seeing me, so we, Roy and I, went down to Southport and did this busking thing, doing a lot of rockabilly stuff from Elvis. Who should I see halfway through the show but bloody Les from Echo & The Bunnyman who'd by coincidence come down to holiday in Southport!"

JUDAS PRIEST:

the reign in Spain

From Stu Coleman in Madrid



You can do a lot of things to Judas Priest but one of them isn't sitting down. Take the crowd of almost 30,000 jamming the Rockodroma in Madrid.

A curious mixture of Spanish metal maniacs with *Ozzy* and *Leppard* stencilled across their denim backs, they demonstrated their whole hearted approval of Priests metal volleys of bazooka like rhythms and Rob Halford's moondog growls, with clenched fists pumping the air. There were ugly moments when security gorillas in orange stickers roaming around the open air auditorium would drag some kid out by his hair and/or thump him on the head with their torches, but generally the air of excitement pervaded.

See, Priest are currently touring through Europe behind their tough new LP *Ram It Down*, certified their best for a long long time. On this tour, too, Priest had decided to go all out to win some of the fans they lost with their recent flirtation with synthesisers, with a no-frills high decibel show, no gimmicks or props. What's more, the songs were like a Greatest Hits type set, which of course guaranteed more highs and excitement.

"It's a hardcore metal album," Halford yelped "a fun-filled record to make, a great record to go out on tour with."

After a long silence, Priest kicked off their dates two months ago in Stockholm, tearing through the rest of Europe before doing their first tour through England for almost 4½ years. Priest obviously want to stay on the road — but, alas, Australia doesn't seem to be on the itinerary although Priest are eager to tour downunder. Earlier this year, when guitarist Glen Tipton quietly sneaked into Australia to do some deep sea fishing in Queensland, he'd contacted promoters in Melbourne and Sydney about the possibilities of Priest dates, but found no-one willing to bite.

A pity, because if tonight's show was any indication, Priest are a band that any self-respecting headbanger worth his/her leather wristband will want to experience.

"I've got the hang of it!" Halford laughed gleefully, in the dressing rooms, as the guitarists tuned up in the corner.

He chanted off a Spanish phrase with perfect pronunciation *"de puta madre"*.

He cackled more, his pony-tail bobbing madly. "That means 'you're f-ing great' in Spanish!"

Actually, it was not so much of a triumph that Birmingham-born Halford should be able to speak Spanish. For the last few years, he and some of the other Priest members have been living as tax exiles in the Spanish island of Marbella, where the wealthy aristocracy and jetsetters sail their luxury yachts into the beautiful harbours to try their luck in the elegant gambling casinos.

The band had first come to Marbella to write songs for *Turbo*. They rented a villa on the seashore that belonged to a princess and lived together to write the songs for the LP. It had been an inspirational place, Halford remembers.

"It wasn't just the well to do coming to relax, there are a lot of English criminals who're there, running away from the British law! I've never been a person who was excited by money or people who had it, but it's hard not to be awed by someone like (gun-runner) Khashaggi, his affluence was incredible. The most expensive yacht, the most expensive plane, everything five-star for him."

Anyway, when Priests accountants told them some years ago that the band was making too much money, and that the English tax man was going to take a lot of it. The only way to keep the money was to stay out of England for a year. Not surprisingly, most of the members headed for sunny Marbella (although Halford also owns a house in Phoenix in the States).

Mind you, there'd been a mild drama just before the Madrid show. The tour bus had left in the afternoon to take the road crew from the Palace Hotel to Rockodroma, intending to return in the late evening to pick up the members.

But about 6.30 pm, Halford got a call at his hotel suite from the panicking bus driver. Aside from the Priest gig, there was a festival being held down the same road, which meant there were almost 80,000 people milling on the road outside the auditorium! It was impossible to get the bus out through the crowd.

Solution: call for some taxis.

Now, Judas Priest might not win a lot of Grammys or find themselves on top of the pop charts, but among the headbangers they have a huge excitable following, and some of the members weren't just being egotistical when they suggested it might have been a bit *dangerous* to take taxis through a huge crowd that was coming to see them.

Unfortunately, Halford shrugged, there was no alternative. As it turned out, there were so many long hairs wearing studded leather in the crowd — and obviously the fans were keeping their eyes peeled for a tour bus or black limos — that the taxis weaved unharassed through the masses to the venues back gates. By the time the wiser fans cracked on to just who *were* in the taxis, Priest had sprinted through the gates and into the safety of the dressing rooms!

Ram It Down is an album that Priest had to make. On their last two LPs they were clearly trying to modernise their sound to get into the pop charts, trying out synthesisers and the like. They hadn't been great successes, whereas *Ram It Down* with its powerful songs and determined hard-riffing was quickly embraced by fans.

Just before going on, Halford had been telling me about the audience and the effect of heavy metal.

"Heavy metal is really an attitude — it's not about making the most amount of money or having the highest charting record. It's going out there and communicating to that crowd the spirit of what your band's all about.

"We've got two kinds of crowds. One's the earlier headbanger, the type who liked us in the early '70s when our leather image and type of records set a yardstick for other bands to look and sound. They still come along because they're convinced that Judas Priest is still the best metal band in the world.

"Then you have all the kids who've just got into heavy metal in the last few years. They love the energy, they love the spectacle, and it's a thrill for me to stand up there an look down at the audience and watch these kids blow their minds off! It's the ultimate in communication — it's irrelevant how much money I have or they have, it's irrelevant that I'm 36 years old and they're barely out of their teens. Everything connects and that makes everything worthwhile!"

Judas Priest have long maintained that you either understand HM or you don't.

The show was structured for those who do. The show started with thick smoke, bathed in lovely blue light. The band struck out at the familiar "Hellion", Halford singing from behind the backdrop before making the Big Entrance. 30,000 fans screamed their heads off. Priest quickly got into more classic material like "Electric Eye", "Metal Gods" off *British Steel*, the definitive "The Sinner" and the quicker paced slightly rearranged rendition of "Breaking The Law". Decked entirely in leather, Halford leaped about, his steps becoming more effeminate with time, bending his head forward to reach the high notes. Behind him, the guitarists swayed their hair and threw guitars skywards.

The reaction lessened understandably when they brought out "Come And Get It" and "I'm A Rocker" from the new LP, but that was just the calm before the storm before they heaved into "The Sentinel", "The Ripper" and the definite highlight, the awesome ballad "Beyond the Realms Of Death", back in the set after seven years.

If the ballad suggested they'd reached a high they couldn't touch, Priest weren't to be put off. They worked the crowd even harder, smiling triumphantly as the auditorium turned into a mass of flaying hair through "Some Heads Are Gonna Roll", "Victim Of Changes" and the closer, Fleetwood Mac's "Green Manilishi" with everybody singing along.

After the second encore "You Got Another Think Coming", people on the outer started to head back to the dusty road for home. Suddenly over the PA came the revving of a huge Harley Davidson bike (one of three which Halford specially shipped over) which the singer rode and screamed around on stage, whipping the crowd up in frenzy.

One thing can be said about Judas Priest. They've been around for years and some of their records have been dodgy: but, live they've never disappointed.

Halford is their ace of spades. Originally wanting to be an actor, be bluffed his way into a local Birmingham theatre group as their lighting technician, which he did for two years until his sister's boyfriend, Ian Hill, told him that his new band Judas Priest had lost its singer after 18 weeks. Halford blubbed his way into the outfit saying he's been in other bands before.

Until 1976, when *Sad Wing Of Destiny* broke into the British charts, Priest were disillusioned and broke. Each of them lived on $40 a week.

Now of course the financial status has changed. They can afford expensive producers like Tom Allom and record out in Puk Studios in the ice-frozen farmlands of Randers, in little known Jutland, where George Michael, Go West and Depeche Mode recorded their latest. At the album's completion, Priest flew over a host of British and European journalists and photographers at great expense to listen to the LP, which they concluded with an impressive show of fireworks.

Just before the LP's release, there'd been reports Priest had been recording with Stock Aitken & Waterman. It caused an immediate outcry within Priest's fans, so shrill even the band was stunned. Obviously Priest were hoping to get a hit with them, but Rob now distances himself from the project.

"Basically our manager Bill Curbishley is a good friend of Peter Waterman's, he told Bill that he wanted to work with a heavy metal group, and Bill suggested it to us. We think they're excellent writers and producers and we met up in Paris on New Year's Day and did three tracks — two rocky songs "I Will Return" and "You Keep Giving Me The Run Around" and a metallized rendition of the old Diana Ross-Marvin Gaye song "You Are My Everything".

While Halford insists the songs weren't included on *Ram It Down* because they didn't fit, it's obvious the fans' outcry might have hastily forced the band to ditch them. They will, Rob says casually, appear on another project- . . . probably on a soundtrack. Priest have also recorded "Johnny B Goode" for the soundtrack of a movie called *Johnny B Good* (without the 'e').

Priest face the old dilemma. How to keep the headbangers happy and move into pop circles? Working with a pop factory like Stock Aitken & Waterman? Getting into soundtracks? For now they've kept their fans happy with *Ram It Down*. But they'll need to break out of their groove, and they well know it.

GOING BONKERS!

By Christie Eliezer

Live pix by Marty Williams

"All style is entirely individual, very personal and difficult to talk about. It's obviously important but it has to be natural. If people try too hard they just end up looking embarrased and self-conscious. If you're not comfortable in what you wear you can't carry yourself with conviction.

"You can't push style either . . . it can't be too brash or else you'll end up with that awful chicer-than-thou Parisian air. If you take it all too seriously it verges on being idiotic. You mustn't lose a sense of humour."

— Sade

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"Aliens turned my boy into an olive!"

"Tender touch of my virgin bride — by armless vicar!"

"Frozen baby solves rape!"

"Crippled commando swaps nurse for a monkey!"

Believe it or not, these headlines actually appeared. Mostly in such sensationalist rags in Britain as the London *Sun* and *New Of The World*. They're great reading, actually. A line of truth gets blown up into a full page of innuendo, lies and scam.

Big Pig loves papers like these, because they find them so peurile and yet so funny. Each day when they were in London recording their new album, they'd rush out of the studios and get copies to bring back and chuckle over the latest drivel. It made their day.

Why, they even used one of the most used words in such publications for the title of their LP.

As it turns out, the generally humourles British are so conditioned to such gutter journalism that half the rock crits in the UK have damned the band for using the word *Bonk*, while only a minority have at least clued in on the joke.

"It tends to go over better in America, they've caught the humour of the whole thing," chuckles Big Pig singer Sherine, in her hotel room overlooking Hyde Park.

"Some people can't relate to the fact that we named the album after a slang word for sex. So what? Jazz used to be black slang for the same thing, so was the term rock and roll. Who knows, we might get known for creating Bonk Music!"

It's 11 at night; despite the fact it's been a hard day of shopping and interviews, Sherine thinks "the day is just beginning". All the members of Pig are notorious club-goers . . . sharp, candid, with insecurities checked by a self protective feistness.

Within days of flying into London, they'd reaquainted themselves with the latest furnace sounds in the hippest joints like Boilerhouse, Limelight and Alter Ego.

Sherine reveals why she's now copped the nickname "Scarface".

In LA they'd been knocking back tequilas and then gone slam-dancing.

"Oh look at you Sherine!" one of them cackled. "You've got lipstick all over your face!"

So she'd slipped into the Ladies . . . and found it was actually blood. She'd been so drunk she hadn't realised she'd bashed her head against something hard. Next morning, she'd woken up with scars.

●

"I believe in vampires, not in the big toothed variety, but I believe in people who like blood as a sexual thing. There was this film called 'Martin' by George Romero about a young 14 year old boy that goes around cutting housewives' wrists and drinking their blood.

"He does it very methodically: first of all he injects them, cuts their wrists and then bathes himself in their blood and then drinks it and then he has sex with them when they're dying.

"I think blood is very sexual. It's like sadomasochism. I think a lot of people find blood a very sexual liquid."

— Marc Almond

●

Big Pig's success in Australia is somewhat surprising, only because they've shaken off the rules of the game.

Oleh Witter devised them as a clubland creation — not only in the way their music took its fierceness and virtually from pounding drums and crossover grooves. He took clubland's attitude too, of the willingness to take a gamble, the courage to let anyone who impresses you have a go, to be upfront, advanced in tastes, liberated to social mix.

As one photographer described it, to create a music and image that was "like walking into a Hieronymous Bosch painting — furtive but lively, and with a dedication that's never been equalled since."

So OK, scores of bands in Australia tried something like that in the past but Big Pig's winning hand is that they describe themselves as POP (not a rock) band. There are very few POP bands in this country, and only a small amount of them manage to be accepted without being dismissed as lightweight or disposable.

The inner city cliques don't mind, of course, but Australians in the main tend to be very suspicious of bands who flaunt their image. It's interpreted as "substitute for talent". A few like Skyhooks got away with it, the majority of them failed to carry it off.

I'm not sure if Oleh Witter sees the chart success of "Breakaway" and *Bonk* and the newie "Big Hotel" getting thrashed in the clubs as merely a bonus. When he first devised this idea of this strange pop band with lots of drums, no guitars and butcher's aprons (a *clean* band that played *dirty)* he thought Big Pig would become no bigger than a cult band in Australia, but find greater success overseas.

Talk to Big Pig and you get good sense: every move is well thought out. The moods on *Bonk* are by turns romantic and sceptical, passionate and cunning. They use their common sense to protect their talent so they can get on with making quality pop records. Like most artists who produce individual stylish work they virtually extinguish their own personalities; significantly Big Pig are less interesting to meet than their work might lead you to believe.

But Impact's been Big Pigs keyword and Impact is what they're making. In America that hasn't translated into major chart success yet but they're getting good airplay on college radio and in the hip clubs. The 16 shows they did through the US last month won them friends.

The nice thing is that a lot of prestigious papers came down to catch the shows. Robert Hilbun of the *Los Angeles Times* said something along the lines of 'boy, they've got a dumb name, but they'll go far', he was quite positive about the whole thing.

"Probably most people see us as that band with the silly name and the silly aprons, so it's by touring that we prove we can cut it musically. We're the sort of band that goes out to hit the audience right between the eyes, so we've got some attention. But America's such a big place, that's why bands keep going back. It's not like Australia where one tour or two will saturate you.

"It's funny, but in America they tend to give bands more leeway to develop, they see the potential in you. In England they're very pop orientated, they want something that's very self contained and loud, so they can make a big fuss about them quickly.

"It's surprising how huge Bros are at the moment. Yet just months ago they were virtually unknowns. Nowadays you read about them all over the place."

Just to help them along in the UK and Europe, Big Pig managed to snare the support on arguably the hottest tour in that part of the world — INXS'.

The band did five dates in London including a huge show at Wembley Arena before flying off to major European cities like Paris, Rome and Italy (the latter with Bryan Adams).

"We've been plotting" confesses Sherine. "If the tour doesn't make us much money, then we'll sell all the sordid secrets of Michael Hutchence to the papers. They'd pay really well for them too, hahaha."

Can they suss they're breaking through in the UK?

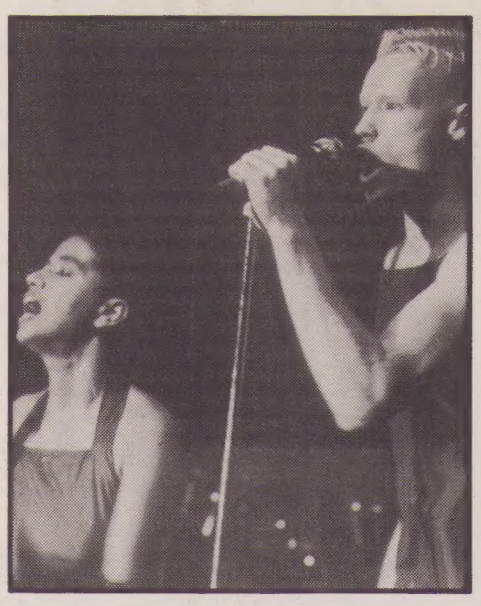
"We'll obviously know once we start to play here, but the level of interest is high. It's not just the amount of interviews that you do, it's also the sort of papers that are taking interest.

"To me, *that's* the most exciting thing about all this. Sure, it's nice to travel and see new places and play the new crowds, but to a musician, the fact that more and more people are listening to you is the exciting factor."

What's the strangest thing a journalist has asked them?

"Someone asked if we'd been influenced by the pig on the cover of Pink Floyd's album!"

The highlight of the US dates?



"Going to Memphis and attending a real gospel church service held by the Rev Al Green, we met him afterwards which was a tremendous thrill, we've always thought he was great. And of course you don't go to Memphis without sight seeing through Graceland."

Any dirt, any gossip on the other members from the tour?

"Noah, I'll sell you some INXS stories though . . . hey, hey, only kidding! We met a girl who told us some stories about Frankie Goes To Hollywood but I'm not going to tell you about those either.

"See, we're really an '80s type band, we don't smash up hotel rooms or anything controversial like that. What we do do, though, is we love drinking a lot. So a lot of funny stories do come from there but once again, they're not really suitable for printing either!"

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"We're into drinking and occasionally you do get into a bad way but we sort of enjoy it. I don't think being constantly pissed is a failing if you like drinking. Surely that's a success!

— Shane from The Pogues

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One of the strange aspects about Big Pig is that while they've developed cross-rhythms and highly percussive sounds, Oleh has had very little desire to explore the more "roots" drum orientated music of Africa or Asia. Rather, he says, he continues to gain inspiration for Big Pig music from radio and clubs.

Had Sherine, who was born in Sri Lanka, have any desire to bring in her background of Asian rhythms into Big Pig music, possibly the Lankan *baila* rhythms the way Melbourne's Man Friday have?

"Well, I was seven years old when I left there. In any case, even when we were living there we had a very English upbringing. My father worked in a shipping company so we were always surrounded by English people. I don't even know how to speak the Ceylonese language."

She started out digging '60s ballads like Dusty Springfield and Shirley Bassey but really flipped out over blues and soul shouters, particularly the great blues singer Billy Holliday.

"She bowled me over. She had one octave and used it so well. She had a certain quality about her, where she put emotion before thought. I'm really lucky my voice is adaptable to various moods in music.

"Of all the records I've made, I think my voice came out best on *Bonk*, and that was mainly because of (producer) Nick Launay. He gave me a lot of space and made things very comfortable but he was also very instructive, he kept on pushing me for the best performance."

Her singing was complemented by her twin sister Zan. Was being one of a twin a drag?

"Not at all, I've had some of my best times with Zan. It can be a drag at times because people see you as one person, they don't bother to differentiate. So when you first leave home you're determined to be as individual as possible, but I think Zan and I have got over that now.

"In our younger days we used to muck around upstairs, whack the stereo on and put on our own concerts. My two brothers ended up in rock music as well (Neil is a recording engineer, Jack plays guitar with Boy Wonder).

Zan and Sherine first made their mark in Melbourne in various punk and post-punk bands. Later they'd become better known for their backing vocals on Models and INXS records. The two sisters always intended to form a band together and play up the 'double' image.

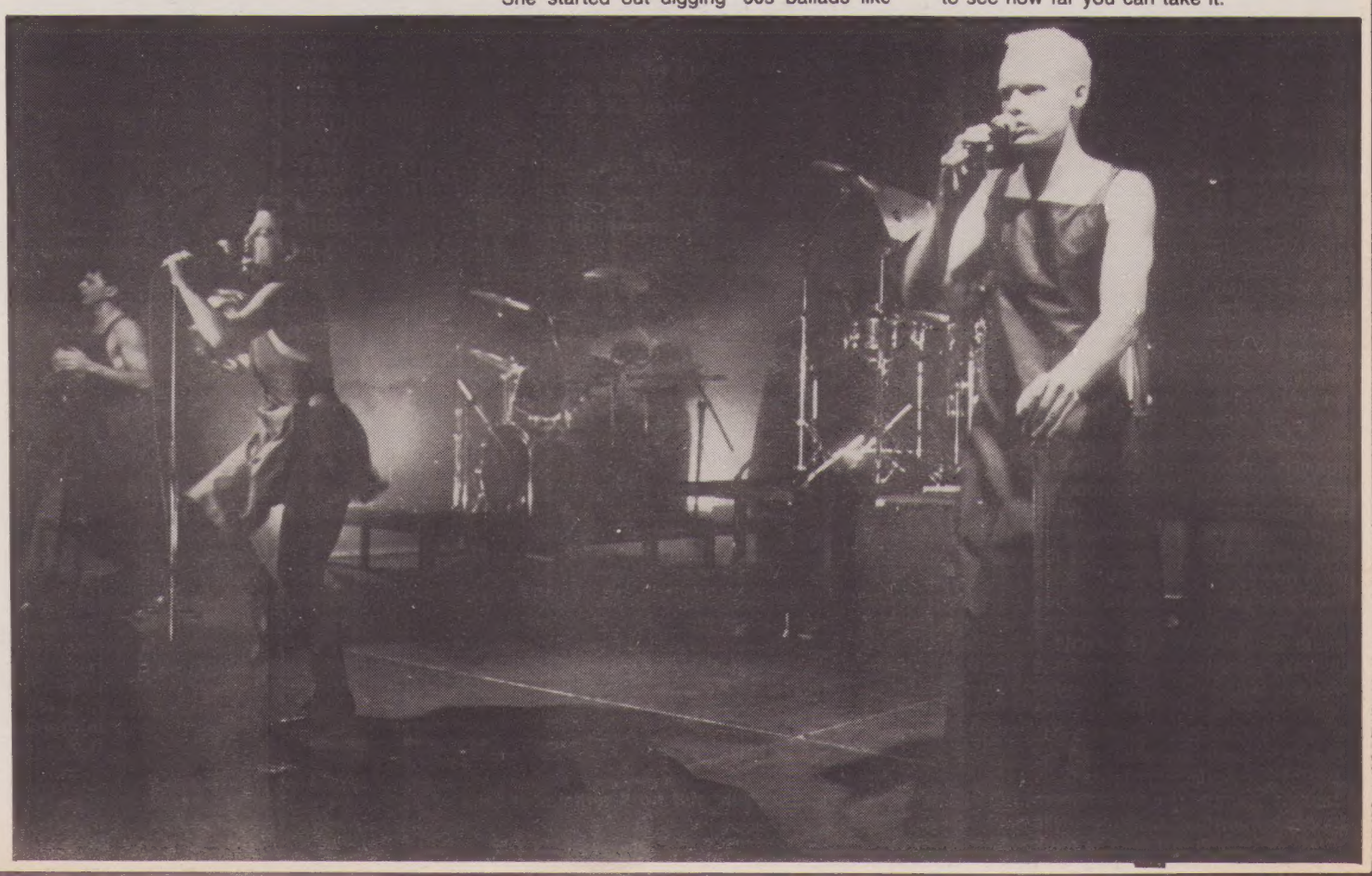
Then the band Zan was in, I'm Talking, suddenly became very popular and plans were put aside. When I'm Talking's started to decline the possibility of the collaboration again arose.

But around that time, Oleh Witeh had returned from London and looked up Sherine; the two had been in a very hip Melbourne club band called Bang.

"I've got this projects you might be involved in" he coaxed, playing her tapes of his new songs.

Big Pig turned out to be bigger than either of them envisaged, and Sherine says they'll be busy over the next few years trying to break the overseas market. After the European shows, they'll return for more US dates, slipping a quick visit home next month.

"The more successful you see it's becoming, the more committed you become, you try to see how far you can take it."



SEETHING IN SEATTLE

Girls have horses, then they have pop stars . . . and then they have husbands''. That's what STUART MACONIE heard after tracking INXS to Washington and found himself caught between MICHAEL HUTCHENCE and a hot place . . .

The neurotic braying of a downtown siren shatters the air-conditioned calm of your hotel room. Next door the maid is trying, unsuccessfully, to vacuum the walls. You contemplate a cheap breakfast of Jim Beam and Marlboro.

A quick flick through the TV channels reveals 'Yankee culture in all its downhome dementia: baseball, oilslick evangelists, "The Harlem Globetrotters On Gilligan's Island".

The big local news story concerns a college professor who carved his gay lover up with a hired chainsaw. They nicked him because he returned the saw with the flesh and gore still adhering to the blade.

It's 8.15 on a sunny Memorial day in Seattle, Washington State. Welcome to the USA.

And I have come here, at considerable expense and interminable length, cruising six miles above the ice floes of Greenland for what some would consider the dumbest of reasons — to meet a pop group.

A pop group which, even without the sweetener of a hit single, is gaining an ever higher profile amongst world teenies and their DAT-buying Mummies and Daddies. In the States, the wooing has already paid off.

INXS is big in America. Like huge. We are talking World Trade Centre minimum. Uncle Sam's bronzed youth and brownstoned ad-people just can't get enough of them and their product.

A telegenic cocktail of leather-trousered rebellion and airbrushed beige-funk. It's taken INXS ten years to become an overnight sensation. From the antipodean wastes to the stadia of the new world. That'll do nicely, they seem to say.

It begins inauspiciously. The Kafkaesque problems with passports and visas are resolved by good old fashioned bribery (more of this anon). I arrive at a hotel the size of Wales, with barely enough dosh to foot the bill.

My contact, the band's tour manager is unreachable, so I sit forlornly in my hangar-sized room and wonder how to explain to *Juke's* tyrannical editors that I didn't meet the band, didn't see the gig and sat in my hotel watching *''Cheers''* instead.

Mercifully, I get a break. Wandering aimlessly around the lobby I collar the first person I come across with a remotely Oz accent.

''Excuse me, are you anything to do with INXS?''

''Sort of, I'm the assistant tour manager; you must be the English bloke. The tour bus is outside. Get in. We'll give you a lift to the gig.''

Seattle is a big, tidy city perched on a vast, azure dollop of the North Pacific called Puget Sound. Jimi Hendrix and Harrison Ford grew up here, and it's home to the Boeing Aircraft Corporation.

Meandering through its streets it transpires that INXS members are extremely personable chaps.

Everyone inquiries sympathetically about the rigours of the flight. Kirk is effervescent, Andrew taciturn but good-natured and Michael cautiously polite behind his shades. If they're nervous they aren't letting on, although they have every right to be.

The Seattle Colliseum is a long way from the pubs of Sydney in more than just miles. There's room for twenty Festival Halls in here and Boeing probably uses it to store the odd 747.

It's hard not to be impressed by the sheer spectacle of it all. A PA straight from Mission Control, Houston and 15,000 examples of the cream of American youth, tanned, blow-dryed and ready to rawk.

Above the warm-up tape of Motown classics comes an eerie and unmistakable murmur. It is the libidinous sap rising in a ballpark of high-school girls.

Meanwhile, the object(s) of their affections are languishing in a subterranean hospitality suite, indulging in mild rock'n'roll foreplay and generously plying me with beer. INXS is used to this by now.

Their sweat and Chanel videos have made then one of the new breed of MTV darlings. Somewhere in the no-man's land between the Rolling Stones and the Pet Shop Boys, INXS is having a whale of a time.

Kirk is animated and talkative; Tim rides his skateboard down the venue's labyrinthine underground corridors. Andrew, on the other hand, (who, along with Michael Hutchence, is responsible for most of the band's output) seems rather less than overwhelmed by the trappings of stardom.

He sits and sips his beer, chatting casually to those around him. He gets most animated when someone appears with a map of Australia over which he pores gleefully. Dustroads and dirt-tracks traversed by the lads during their decade of slog to the top are excitedly pointed out.

''We were driving down this road in the van when we hit this bloody great hole in the road. I thought the back axle had gone for certain.

''So we were sitting around wondering what to do. Then this Aborigine guy comes really slowly out of the bush, practically naked, carrying a handful of spears and walked across the road, totally ignored us with our 20th-century machinery and weird clothes and disappears back into the bush.

Not much of a mechanic, eh?

Andrew talks a lot of his native Oz, not in a nauseating or sentimental way, but with the air of a bloke who, megadollars notwithstanding, would be equally as happy with his mates sharing a few tubes in a home town.

He is one (along with Tim and Jon) of the Farriss brothers who comprise half of INXS and roots and community seem a real issue with him.

''There is a temptation not to say there's a pressure upon us to come and live in LA but that would definitely be under duress, Y'know. Like yesterday, I saw this paperback at a newsstand called *Do It Yourself Divorce* I mean, we just don't have books like that in Australia.''

Well some would say that this is a faintly naive view, but no matterm he comes over as a good sort. And now, he and his friends are off to play their songs.

Stadium rock? What does it mean to you? . . . Dry Ice? . . . Spinal Tap? . . . Spandex trousers? . . . Ah, but of course, there's the late-'80s version as well.

Bono and Kerr and Knopfler oozing sincerity to a football ground full of time-share apartment holders or 20,000 Milanese economics students. LIVE!! . . . Under a blood red sky . . . At least INXS comes free of the wretched Billy Grahamisms that characterise U2 and Simple Minds. It's loud and jolly and energetic. Cars and girls and world peace; you get the picture.

The audience, 15,000 Aryan super specimens, adores it. The girls moon doe-eyed over Hutchence, wiggling and pouting in a vain attempt to catch his eye. The boys screw up their faces and punch the air a great deal.

'New Sensation', 'Need You Tonight' and 'Kick' may not be earth-shatteringly original, but they are immaculate and definitive pieces of their genre.

A slicker, sleeker, more affluent 'Exile On Main Street' for the Diners Club generation. Worryingly, I am well on the way to having a good time. It strikes me that the Jim Morrison comparisons continually lobbed Hutchence's way are pretty lazy.

Much more fitting to call him a less satanic young Jagger, or a looser, less puritanical Bono. He and the band can do no wrong tonight.

Tim skateboards across the stage and the crowd goes bananas. Each of Kirk Pengilly's sax breaks is received as if it was a communique from God. Michael introduces 'Calling All Nations'.

"This next song is about love and peace and not taking any shit from anyone . . ." A huge roar of affirmation goes up from the crowd.

The song is 'Listen Like Thieves', one of the records that eased its passage into the heart of young, white America.

Backstage, there is an air of congenial anti-climax. "Yeah, like sex really," proffers someone. Crack open the Dom Perignon, dive into the sushi. A good luck bouquet from local heroes Heart is received with affectionate mirth. "Hey, y'know the blonde one, she weighs 250 pounds!"

Last night it was Spokane, tomorrow it's Sacramento. INXS is a good example of The New Rock Group, leading the post-AIDS, post-acidhead rock lifestyle.

Coffee and beer and Japanese food, but nary a whiff of drugs or trashed hotel rooms. Their music concerns itself with many of the stock concerns of the genre. Lyrically there are the obligatory references to red dresses, long black hair, wantin' and needin', but the market values of FM and MTV have brought with them this new kind of rock.

Machine beats borrowed from black dance pop, but sugared for mass consumption. Purists may berate it for its sterility but it's a wow with the kind of young kellygirl who'd run a mile if confronted with maggoty old Keith Richards and his fellow codgers. And who could blame her?

The tour bus makes its way back along the original Skid Row where logs were rolled down the sloping street to the boats in Elliot Bay. Outside our hotel a miniature throng has collected and has been waiting patiently. INXS (with me in its wake) politely forces its way in, signing autographs as it goes.

The heady mix of jet-lag and culture shock is beginning to take control. I suggest to Andrew that he must be pretty whacked too, given the late hour and the workload of the energetic stageshow. He looks at me pityingly.

"Putting up a fence somewhere, mate, that's hard work."

Michael Hutchence is a smoulderingly cute young Australian who has become the public face of INXS. Raised in Sydney, he now lives in Hong Kong, or rather has an apartment there that he gets to spend about eight weeks a year in.

He likes it, it reminds him of *Blade Runner* "All blue and grey and steamy!" He arrives at my room early and declines anything stronger than room service tea.

"Make sure you ask for English tea, otherwise they'll send *hippy* tea".

Down to business. Michael, what's it like being drooled over by thousands of women? He giggles.

"I don't know about all that, I still haven't come to terms with it. I'm not a practised sex symbol or a self-made one in the way that Madonna is. I imagine that being a sex object is a fairly trite existence in that it gradually disappears as you get older.

"I certainly didn't join a band in order to get off with women . . . unless I did it at some subconscious Freudian level. Perhaps I do serve some social function. Y'know, girls have horses then they have pop stars . . . and then they have husbands, presumably."

INXS is massive in the States and getting there in the UK. Why?

"I don't know, I really don't. There's been no master plan. It's all happened very naturally. And it's taken ten years. It's been the longest debut in history. When 'Need You Tonight' went to No 1 we were as surprised as anyone 'cos it's, like, a really *odd* song!"

In England you have risen to this elevated level without a hit single and certainly without the approval of the hip press.

"Bands in Britain seem desperately concerned with what colour their shoelaces are. If you close your eyes and listen to MTV the bands are indistinguishable, but visually it's obvious who the British acts are.

"And this attitude is damaging sometimes. Like this attitude in Britain that you can only be good if under 500 people have heard of you, otherwise you're uncool.

"That's stupid, 'cos it means that the charts are full of shit 'cos the good bands feel it's beneath them to go for that market. It's a bit like that pathetic 'Don't leave the bosom of the pub' attitude we have back home. That feeling that it's wrong to be successful."

INXS obviously harbours no such reservations about the desirability of fame. Their uncoolness has not stood in the way of a slow and stealthy accumulation of fans.

I managed to circumnavigate bureaucracy at the start of his jaunt by a minor bribe. The young lady at the passport office agreed to rush the necessary paperwork through in a hurry provided I brought her back the band's autographs. Mike listens to this story with much glee.

"Wow! That's great! At least something's happening over there then."

In common with other photogenic warblers, Michael Hutchence has made a film. There is much to be worried about here. For every *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* there lurks a *MacVicar*.

On the surface however, *Dogs In Space*, an off-the-wall peek into the Melbourne demimonde, has its attractions, if only because of Oz's bonzer film pedigree.

"It's an attempt to make a kind of intelligent young person's film, in contrast to all that *Porkys* stuff. Although the character in the film that I play isn't that intelligent. Nothing like me! Although I do actually know the guy who my character is based on."

Has Michael been smitten by the lure of the screen?

"Well, sort of, I've always wanted to be an actor. Something about the process of making films fascinates me, the idea of transporting people away from reality for a couple of hours.

"Like people will watch *Neighbours* on the TV but they couldn't care less about their own neighbours. There's something intrinsically interesting about life on screen."

Despite his undeniable fame, particularly in the US, Hutchence strives to keep a sane perspective on things. Part of the appeal of Hong Kong, he says, is that he is unknown there. He admits that there exists a temptation to move to LA but so far he's resisted it.

"We are famous over here, if you like, but there exists a whole higher level of fame that we can't even aspire to yet. Madonna, Prince, Springsteen are at the level where you can actually change society."

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STARS ON ICE

Prince, Lionel Richie, Jim Morrison, David Essex — all have been brought in to lend an influential hand on the new ICICLE WORKS LP, but TERRY STAUNTON discovers it's not all smooth skating for the Liverpool boys . . .

Albert Dock on a wet Monday afternoon isn't particularly rock'n'roll, but it's the best we can do. Dirty grey spray from the Mersey cuts visibility down to spitting distance as wipers dance across Ian McNabb's windscreen.

Inside the car, the sunny sounds of The Beach Boys belch out of the battered tape player and the occupants — myself, McNabb and Icicle Works drummer Chris Sharrock — are happy, attempting harmonies with horrendous results.

All too soon comes the time to hotfoot it to the hotel, risking a drenching along the way *Ugh*. How long has it been like this up here, Ian?

"Erm, ever since The Beatles broke up."

KISSED OFF

Just as the majority of Liverpudians are trying to forget about the Fab Four and get on with their own lives, The Icicle Works are trying to live down their fleeting fame of five years ago *Love Is A Wonderful Colour* was the signal to celebrate, time to party after the proverbial overnight success. Five years on and they've still got a bit a hangover, but it looks as if they may have found a miracle cure.

'Numb', the EP released in February featuring the very Prince-like *Kiss Off,* met with resistance from radio programmers but it's been quickly followed by their fourth album *Blind;* their best to date — and most diverse. 'Shit Creek' is the ultimate Led Zepelin in 'Black Dog' homage and out-defs any cock rock Rick Rubin can muster, the new single 'Little Girl Lost' is lazy pop reggae with a George Harrison guitar solo, and 'Here Comes Trouble' beats the crap out of fellow Liverpudians Pete Wylie and Julie Cope in the Scott Walker impersonation stakes.

It's fun to play spot the steal, and at other points it's possible to pick up Small Faces, Lionel Ritchie, Captain Beefheart, Jim Morrison and even David Esex! The question begs to be askekd: Are you taking the piss, Ian?

"Noooooo! Well, okay, sort of."

PLANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Ian McNabb has found himself in three fights (almost) because the group are trying to do something different. He seems to be in the mood for another, so I let him beat me at pool in the hotel bar as we speak.

"This guy came up to me just after we'd released 'The Kiss Off and he goes, 'what the f--- do you think you're doin'? That's bloody crap that single'. He was a real plank, you know the type. Gaz The Plank who thinks he's got the rights to your life.

"You try explaining to him what you're trying to do, but he's not havin' any of it. Eventually, I just got pissed off with him and I just said, 'f--- off, leave me alone. If you were a real fan, you wouldn't even speak to me. You'd respect my privacy.'

"He was really put out an walked off shoutin', all right, I'm not buying your f---in' records anymore, that's it.' So that's another we lost.

"A lot of our fans would be happy if we didn't sell enough records to have hits. They see us as *their* property, it's a real elitist thing. If we actually got into the charts they'd be horrified and they'd desert us."

McNabb sees 'The Kiss Off' as the most commercial thing the group have done for years, he thought it had "Hit" written all over it.

"I thought we'd really made a quantum leap. I realised we might alienate some of our regular record buyers, but we'd really clean up in other areas. But everybody *hated* it. I mean *really* hated it.

"Did you know that it sold less than any record we've made? It got completely blanked. We only had one play on Radio One and that was on the review programme *Singled Out* The producer is a mate of mine and without him it probably wouldn't have even got that!"

McNabb admits to being confused by the record-buying public and chooses to ignore it as much as he can. But he still has to sell records.. . .

"I was in this shop the other day and this girl about 13 comes in asked when the new Pet Shop Boys single is comin' out, probably before she's even heard it.

"How could I ever assume that someone was going to buy my records without hearing them? Yet a lot of people do buy stuff they've never heard; how can we ever bridge that gap? The thing is that we're trying to sell records to people who go out and buy Rick Astley. It's a million miles away from what we're doing, so sometimes I don't feel so bad about not being in the Top 40 when I actually see what's selling."

To date, The Icicle Works have been the classic rise and fall story. The big hit single gave them a certain level of respectability, but it's been fading over the last few years.

"We seem to have done things in reverse," says McNabb. "We're like the opposite of most groups who work their way up to a hit single after three or four records. We started off with a Top 40 hit in England *and* America and we've seen as a second or third division band, like we're an indie group or something.

"We've had a lot of singles which have scraped into the Top 50, but if you don't get ten places higher you're cut off from a large section of the public. The Top 40 is the important area, because then you're automatically into Smiths and Woolies and you get on local radio playlists. We're always knocking on the door, which is bloody annoying."

The Blind album, diverse and enjoyable as it is, may cause more difficulties in the quest for superstardom. If 'Little Girl Lost' makes the Top 40, there is nothing in the same vein to follow it up with. I challenge anyone to find two tracks on the LP which sound remotely as if they're by the same group. Ian McNabb takes up the challenge.

"Maybe I'm too close to it, I dunno, it all sounds like us to me, I've no problem with the different styles and I think it gels together well. We're on the road to May and I think the songs will have a more coherent identity on stage."

Bassist Chris Layhe notes a distant similarity among the songs:

"Nobody'll buy them. That's probably the biggest thing they've got in common."

WAITS IN MEASURE

The rain stops, night falls and the drinks flow. A trip to see The Fall At the Royal Court is punctuated by drink, arguments and cruel jokes at the expense of other groups (who shall remain nameless). The midnight curry follows the same route, and things get really heated back in the hotel room.

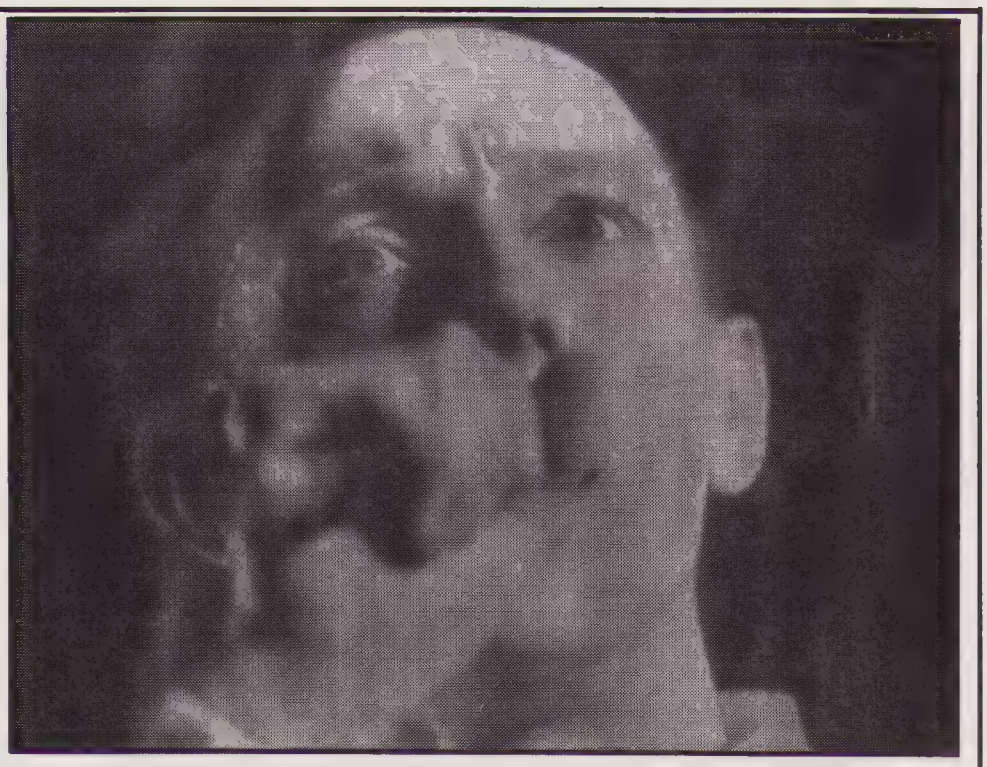
"F--- off!" McNabb shouts at a photographer. "You're talking crap! Terry's on my side on this one, aren't you?"

The angry debate centres around which is better Tom Waits album *Swordfishtrombones* or *Rain Dogs*. The general concensus of opinion favours the latter, Barratt is adamant about the former. Voices are raised, napkins are thrown (phew! rock'n'roll!) and we hear a hammering on the wall from the room next door. We take the hint and simmer down.

"Oh well," sighs McNabb. "That's *another* one who won't buy the record now."

HOPELESSLY DEVOTED

DAVID SWIFT catches up with LUXURIA'S enigmatic Howard Devoto.



Ring, ring

Howard Devoto himself answers the door. We shake hands and he is quick to smile. On top of his frail, almost petite frame, his hairline seems to have retreated not an inch since the "Motorcade" video. The frames of his glasses are solid black, with lenses as thick as tom-toms.

I have interrupted. He was curled up in his manager's office with a copy of *The Sexuality Of Christ In Renaissance Art And In Model Oblivion).* I push my copy of *The Official Batbook* a little deeper into my bag as I pull out the tape. I fear that I shall be an anti-climax — how do you follow Christ's genitals?

In 1980, *The Correct Use Of Soap* LP by Devoto's Magazine was big. And after its nearly-perfect successor *Magic, Murder And The Weather,* Devoto abandoned group life. And everyone said — "follow that, Howard". And he got lost, with a flawed solo record.

In 1988, he and Noko are Luxuria, and already they have conquered the jukebox on *EastEnders* with as damn-near as fine a record as we could have hoped for from Howard Devoto in any year after Magazine. He is once again where he belongs — demanding your money with menaces.

More impassioned observors may note that Devoto was once so far ahead of the field — and the rest of Rock has now slipped so far back — that even standing still he cuts quite a fear-filled dash. The *Unanswerable Lust* and 'Public Highway', the new single taken from it, sound anything but stagnant.

Are you pleased to be back, Howard?

"Yes, it feels, uh, great."

This Luxuria seems very assured — has the rest done you good?

"That's just the difference between being solo and having at least one other person to work with. I didn't want to be in a group again, and I didn't want to be solo — I found that very unsatisfactory really. It's really taken two years to get to this point, since I met Noko, with writing the songs and getting a record deal. But it's a much longer period for everyone else than it is for me."

He resumed songwriting, he says — smirking — when he began feeling SUITABLY UNHAPPY AGAIN. He says it in capitals, enjoying any conclusions we might draw from that. But later . . .

"I think people perceive me as being more arrogant than I am, or have done in the past."

How would you describe yourself now, in terms of health, wealth, happiness?

"Health — I don't deserve the good health I have. Wealth — I get by by my fingernails. Happiness — you must be joking!"

Suits us — Devoto at his wits' end has always been a good bet: 'Give Me Everything', 'I Wanted Your Heart', 'A Song From Under The Floorboards', 'This Poison' . . .

"I don't really want to talk about this . . .

". . . so maybe I shouldn't mention it, but in the last handful of years I've gone through some things I never thought I'd go through."

That's teasing me, isn't it?

"Well, I know."

Are you talking about your lifestyle?

"You can knock the word 'style' off that."

Does this bear further probing?

"No, I'll just clam up really."

He plucks another cig from the box, and the spool turns a silent cassette. He knows when to kill a question. Umm, who's Noko, then?

"He's from Liverpool. 'Noko' is a Liverpudlisiation of Norman, but I don't know whether that's just the circle he's in. We met through Peter Shelley, who he was doing a bit of work for. We talked about Marcel Proust and decided that the only way we were going to read that ridiculously long book of his was to have a competition. He beat me to it."

Noko pulls and pummels together those shimmering, crunchy beats, and Devoto swings and lasciviously throws himself into them, turning his syllables upside down as he re-establishes his emphatic touch with some perfection.

He said, before the first Luxuria shows, that he would "relish, just a little bit" his return to the stage.

And relish it he did, thrusting his smallish, yet perfectly formed, bod before audiences throughout the isle, some of whom wore 'Magazine' T-shirts that had appeared to have been kept pressed in feathers for the best part of the decade. He still inspires a mild devotion, and faith was rewarded.

He refurbished his stepping-razor spotlight technique and saw no shame in resurrecting 'A Song From Under The Floorboards', 'The Light Pours Out Of Me' and 'The Book'. Charging ahead of his band, his honour remained intact.

During Morrissey's duet-part at the London show, on 'The Light . . .', when both came to the chorus it was hard to tell who was enjoying the words the most.

Who knows? — he could go almost all the way again. He certainly sees no reason to settle for anything less.

"Don't ask me to compare, please. Just know that what we are doing is really good. The LP is quite varied; tone, pace, mood. 'Real Life' had a great deal of breadth to it too. That's what I must have."

Do you set yourself high standards?

Oh, they're far too high."

Have you ever met them? Is it constantly falling short? What's kept you going?

"Ha, ha, ha. You don't finish your work, you abandon it. I never abandon anything. Even scribbling something on a piece of paper, I cannot ever throw it away."

AT age 30 or thereabouts, with a couple of minor single hits in the far distant past, the commercial axis holds few fears for him. (But Big Bucks would never make this one chairman of the Glee Club). The *writing*is the main thing and, in form, he is very hard to resist. A door-to-door salesman, one foot on the customer's throat, sneering, squealing, f——ked up, pissed off, working himself over.

He calls it The Imperial Self: avoiding the Royal We for serious I-balling.

"There's a twist right through, I switch the You, the I, the We and the They around."

From *"I will drug you/and f——k you/on the permafrost"* to *"I'll break my body on her"* is not a giant step, least of all for Howard Devoto.

Your favourite, please.

"Well, I was particularly pleased to find myself saying *"unless you let things take forever/they never get done"* on 'Pound'."

But isn't he getting on a bit to take this seriously, I ask, not sure of his exact birthdate?

"I think you've got to be conscious of the style in which you do things. Y'know, I really liked Iggy's last LP, and on tour Noko and I saw him and he was just great."

We discuss how Mr Pop seemingly still gets respect from those who support each era of his career. I asked — would you like that?

"I've GOT that," says Howard, smiling, eyes twinkling.

Has he ever been described to his fullest satisfaction?

Something Nick Kent wrote once, about making, uh, triumphs — some word like that — out of unhappiness. Yes."

And how would you describe yourself now?

"Oh, banging a garbage can with a big silver stick."

Hear it?

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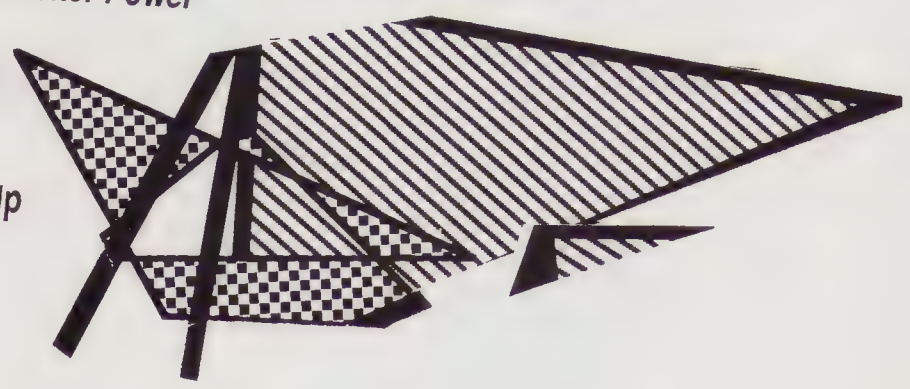

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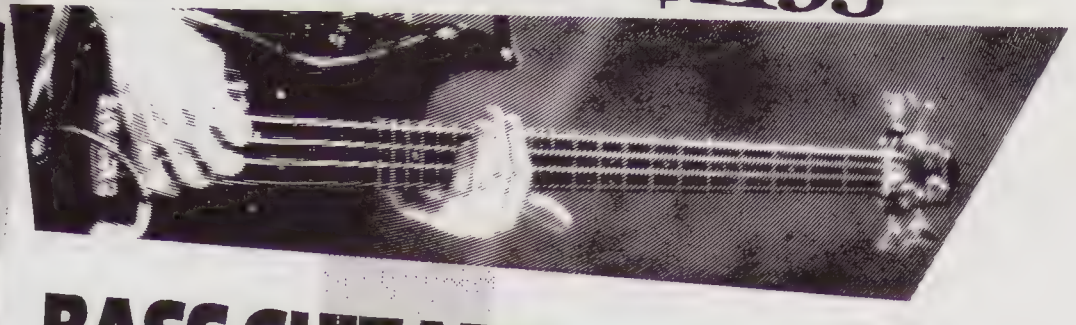

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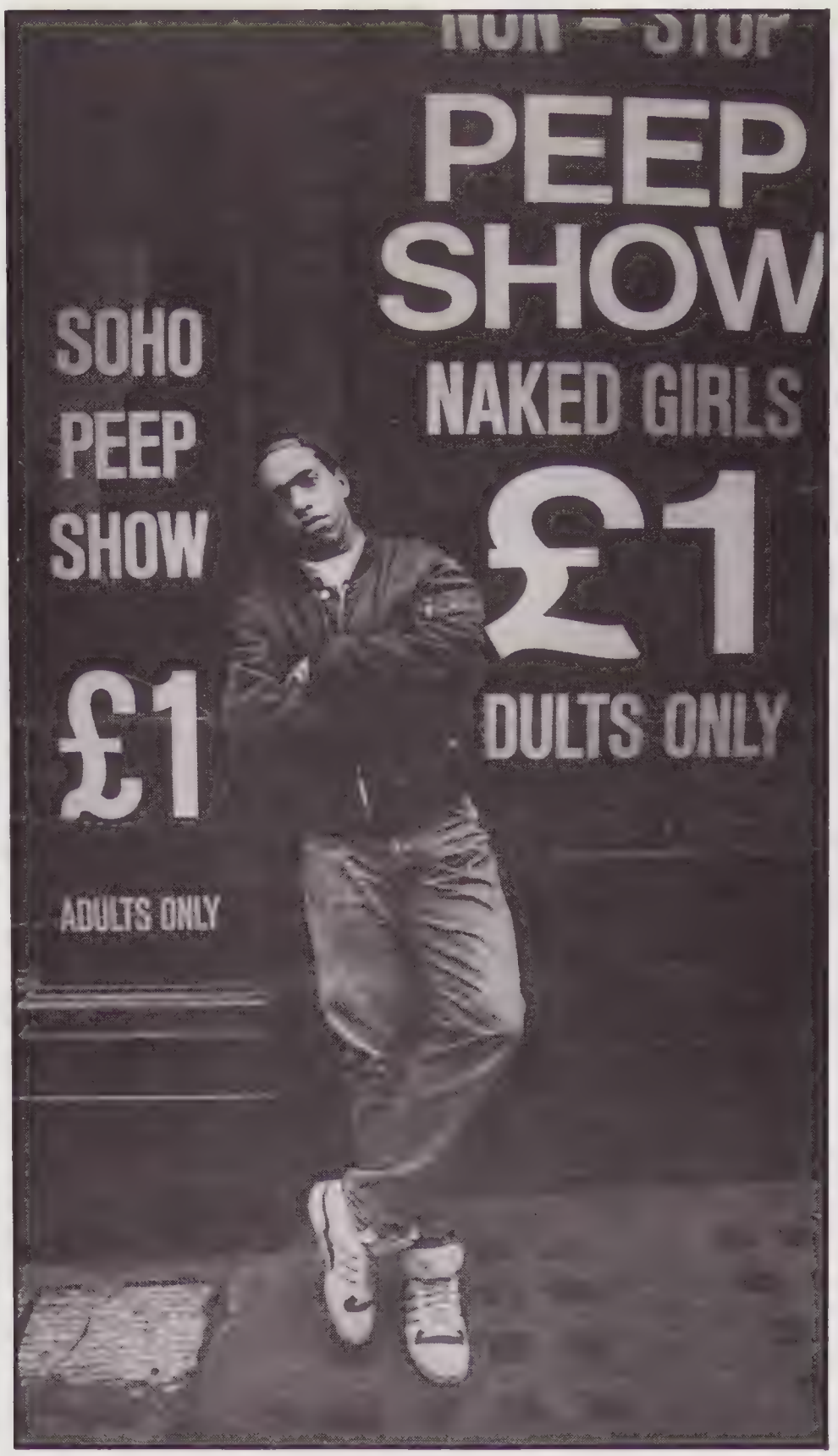
DEREK B:

Rapping for the Yankee Dollar?

DEREK B is Britain's first serious contender for the crown of international rap. Juke's JAMES BROWN bows to the boy from Bow but wonders whether the lure of lucre is about to undermine Britian's rap war of independence . . .



Derek B. don't you every fancy getting weird?

"Escapism doesn't interest me, I like to fight things, I'm not your Ecstasy-taking shoom head. Life is a struggle and I take it on, you've got to grab it by the bollocks.

Unlike his American counterparts who have so far only managed to grab their own, Derek B, Britain's first hip-hop star, has grabbed life (which he assumes is male) 'by the bollocks'.

A year ago he had just released his first record, a rough cut called 'Rock Da Beat' on the fledgling Music Of Life label. Twelve months on and his second single 'Bad Young Brother' is busy following its predecessor, 'Good Groove', up into the UK Top 40. In between the three came 'Get Down', one of last year's most familiar and satisfying rap records.

"'Good Groove' was the compromise for the big pay off and it worked. Playing the system is like playing a game of sweeties, 'One for you and one for me'. At the end of the day you get sat down in front of a big man with a big suit and a bigger cheque book than yours and he says 'Look I don't give a damn about your artistic creativity, I'm here to make money', and that's a FACT.

"It's sad, but it's a fact. It's all part of a system and it's a system you've got to play because you can't beat it."

Derek B is now playing the system so fast it can hardly keep on its feet. An angry, ambitious, and intelligent young man, he wants the whole wide world and he's at the stage where he can convince you he is going to get it.

The most strategic part of his plan for world domination was to achieve his all time ambition by hooking up with Russell Simmons' Rush Management. Simmons already manages Run DMC, LL Cool J, Public Enemy, and Beastie Boys, as Derek points out "they've got the best stable of rap acts in the world".

However hasn't he, by becoming part of the rap monarchy, undermined any hope of an independent artistic challenge to the States? Hasn't he begun rapping for the Yankee dollar?

"Yes, but the Yankee dollar smells so sweet," he says with a smirk.

"Because there is so much if it and they don't even own any of it but they still give it all away.

"I wanted to roll with the Rush, every rap act in the world does. They have the biggest tours in the world. Jump on one of them in the States and it'll sell you 250,000 albums.

"They are the most together organisation in Black Music in America, and they're putting me on stage with LL and Public Enemy who are my heroes. Sweet, let's do it. Russell Simmons uses street thinking in the big bad world and he does it successfully."

Such admiration for the smooth rolling New York rap'n'rap machine is impressive. What is for sure is Derek B knows he has found his right home. But if you knew the ins and outs of how he made the final steps you too would raise questions about the lure of the Yankee dollar.

"America is totally different to Britain," he remonstrates. "You don't have one Radio One to keep sweet, you've got 264 stations and you need someone who can break you on the black stations before you move on."

Isn't there a danger of being left on the shelf with such a big company when you could be someone else's priority?

"You do have to wait your turn with Rush but look at it like this. The first British Def Jam tour featured Run, LL, and The Beasties, and then the next time around LL was heading his own tour, and The Beasties were co-headlining with Run.

"You have your first train pulling out with two others behind him, they get to know the ropes so that next time a train pulls out they're at the front of it, with two more behind. I'm joining onto the end of one of these trains (Public Enemy), so if my LP does well, in a year's time I'll be out at the front leading the show.

Derek Boland was born in Bow, East London, of Trinidadian parents. By the time he was three they had divorced and gone their separate ways, by the time their son Derek was thirteen he was spending his Saturdays sitting outside Ilford Town Hall with his mate Lyden listen to a DJ called Froggy fill up the jams inside with the same rare grooves that are now once more throbbing through the veins of the capital's club scene.

Keen and bright, it wasn't long before Derek and Lynden were helping Froggy carry his records around. Frogging went a-courting Radio London, and ended up working as a warm-up character on the Radio One Roadshow. Derek went with him.

Two other characters involved with Froggy at this time were a young Simon Harris, who played Froggy's discs for him, and Chris France who kept the whole little show rolling. Eventually Harris' bass went as low as it could go with Froggy and he decided to quit. France decided to back him instead of Froggy, and with young Del in tow the happy trio set up office as Music Of Life Records in a tiny room behind the Virgin megastore on Oxford Street.

Morgan Khan's Street Sounds had just gone under so there was a gap in the market for a vibrant and dynamic, indie hip hop label. Music Of Life filled that gap and within months they had a whole rosta of young and talented British rap acts, Daddy Freddy and Asher D, Einstein, Chris Mackintosh, Thrashpack, Demon Boys, and MC Duke, that washed the floor with the poor pretenders that had gone before.

In the midst of it all was Derek B, the label's A&R arm, the public face that kept up the appearances in the clubs and at the pirate radio stations, and above all it's biggest creative prospect.

Of course Derek hadn't spent his whole teenage years lugging discs for a character disc jockey. He'd spun the wheels himself in the clubs and on the pirates, he'd worked in that exceptional shirt shop Woodhouse, and for a short while after some trouble with the law he'd lain low in New York.

All in all Derek had been around a bit, so when his second single 'Get Down' began to draw attention to the label, and all of a sudden it was France and Harris who were running things and Derek who was just the artist, quite rightly he began to get more than a bit miffed.

Where was the money he'd been promised for bringing in all the acts? How come it was suddenly just a two-way partnership?

Last autumn Harris and Derek got stuck into making his debut LP *Bullet From A Gun.* There were furious production rows, but a stimulating and creatively successful debut was recorded.

It was finished by early January, but, because of contractual problems, it still hasn't been released. It will eventually see the light of day in a fortnight's time. Because of the speed at which rap changes Derek doesn't intend to do the final mixes on his current work, a second LP, which will be released by the end of the year, until a fortnight before the release date.

Derek had already sunk to his knees and prayed in delight when Cory Robins of New York's Profile Records (Run DMC's label) had snapped him up for the States, so when at a low point in his relationship with Music Of Life he came across former Urban Records boss Steve Proctor who convinced him he could show him the ropes with the British majors, Derek decided it was time to get out.

With Proctor's help Derek B picked himself, after a thorough examination of them all, the major record company he believed he would be most suited to. It was Phonogram Records. They weren't offering the most cash but they had what Derek felt was right for Britain's first hip hop star.

"They didn't have any dinosaurs in the cupboard. They signed me up as a label deal, so once I've proved myself as an individual artist to them there will be all sorts of releases coming out on my own Tuff Audio label. This is the sort of project I wanted to be able to establish and watch grow. It's literally the same as my work at Music Of Life, but it'll be my label.

Music Of Life were pissed off with Derek's departure and legal disputes followed. Proctor was not their favourite manager in the world. To this day many rifts between Derek B and Music Of Life have been settled. Derek B produces the likes of Thrashpack for them, they publish his work. Harris still co-produces and re-mixes, the Music Of Life logo appears next to Derek's own Tuff Audio revolver logo. They all claim to be best mates, but as Derek points out through a wry grin 'business is business'.

Unfortunately for Proctor, who was more Derek's day-to-day organiser than out and out manager, Derek struck up a management deal with Rush Management shortly after signing to Phonogram. Proctor was still employed as personal manager but eventually last week he was paid off. Derek has stood by all the decisions made in his career so far. He says of Proctor now:

"Steve and I were very good friends but there comes a time when you can't let business come between such friendships. Steve was very good for me and he helped me a lot. He was rewarded suitably. I like to run a tight ship."

So in the space of just a year Derek B has gone from sucker DJ to a no-messin' pop star. And he quite obviously, some would say callously, has his eyes on the States. He is now managed by the most successful rap management company there is, and he sees their involvement as vital in his conquering rap's homeland.

Such is the professional nature in which Derek B intends to steer himself to the top. And believe me Derek Boland is adamant about getting there.

Citing George Michael's ascendance "from being a wally to being up there with the Gods, Prince, Michael Jackson, and Madonna" as the sort of controlled rise he respects and intends to have for himself, Derek B uses the language of a very confident young man indeed.

Unlike most rappers he wastes little time blabbering on about how he's better than the rest, that is taken for granted. His music the proof he needs. The majority of the tracks on 'Bullet From A Gun' are superior to 'Good Groove' which Derek himself now considers to be the weakest track. It is a powerful debut LP. And one which with the Rush machine and Profile behind it in New York will undoubtedly break Stateside.

Three steps ahead . . .

PUBLIC ENEMY
It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back (CBS)

Hold it now! It's 4.30 am, Independence Day for the USA and I'm trapped dead in a box motel in Atlanta, Georgia. Hey, what's this?

"Picture us coming out on the 4th of July/And if ya heard we were celebrating that's a worldwide lie."

It's Public Enemy and their new LP, and we're in full agreement. It's like babysitting dynamite, handling stolen goods, or just waiting for the dam to burst. We are in full agreement that once again they've brought the noise, still filled the decks and written the most powercutting crazy LP of the year.

Chuck D has stuck some explosives into his vocabulary, set it off and re-assembled the debris for his lyrics, making him Number One syllable king, the prime rapateer, the prophet of rage! And just what is he preaching and screaching about?

The revolution will not be televised but it will be cut up and remixed by Terminator X, Rick Rubin and Hank Shocklee. 'Nation Of Millions . . .'' is impressive because it moves, it uses and it's music — not the acetate-thin barrage of whingeing and boasting that so often passes for rap.

Take 'Bring The Noise', rich with rhnythm, compact and compelling. Or 'She Watched Channel Zero', a hot frying for the women who place their hearts and emotions on hold for the TV star who will never step this side of the screen.

Or check 'Night Of The Living Bassheads', an attack on drug dealers which is slung at us with all the hyperactive rant of a street corner newspaper vendor.

These raps provide (hip) hope and inspiration, because they've got soul and emotion and because it's Public Enemy's peers and not beers or fears that keep Flavor's clock ticking. Rather than merely assimilating rock, Public Enemy are now racing three steps ahead. Your evidence can be found on the brutal dissection of Queen's introduction to 'Flash' on 'Terminator X To The Edge Of Panic'.

This LP is outstanding because although there's no other band to keep up the PE's pace, Public Enemy never bring out the scatter cushions. Instead they keep firing away with their OTT information war. Funky and raw it is, too. Sample 'Flavor Flav Cold Lampin' — that endless squeal is like a newsflash theme tune, it will annoy or relax.

Either way, it's proof of what a pressure point this LP is. Flav whines and quips but he's more than a clown in a tracksuit.

"The reasons ever several/Most of the federal" he raps in 'Black Steel In The Hour Of Chaos', trapped in the New York cell of America's prison, waiting for his imaginary armed guard to spring him. *"I had to get out and break north/Just like with Oliver's neck"* he snaps sharply. 'Black Steel In The Hour Of Chaos' and 'Party For Your Right To Fight' — where they mercilessly splice their Learn-It-Down theory with James Brown, the Beastie Boys and Prince — is Public Enemy at their most militant, smouldering within the confines of their own raw groove.

Chuck's buzzwords are 'bazooka' and 'comatose' but it's the sonic whine that is the constant on this LP. Whether it is beating up a sample of an original concept or just punctuating the vitriol, it's as much the showpiece as the humming drone was on 'Yo Bum Rush The Show'. How can a rap band make excess noise sound so groovy?

And before you bleat, no, they are not lacking in subtelty or wit. 'Caught, Can I Get A Witness!' is a *Shaft*-ed rap about sampling that's more than a little self-mocking. And that's not to even mention the song where Chuck *whispers* "I'm louder than a bomb".

Jello Biafra gets respect on the mega namecheck list but if there's someone who should be recognised it is arch slogan singer Joe Strummer. because from the incitement and aggression right down to the 'live' effect created by breaking songs with occasional snatches of PE's London performances, Public Enemy are proving themselves to be to rap what the Clash were to punk.

JAMES BROWN

ROBERT PALMER
Heavy Nova (EMI)

"YODELAYHAY! YODELAYHAY!"sings Robert Palmer, "Yodelodelay!" The cajun accordion of Garth Hudson accompanies him over a pure township rhythm. As ever, when it comes to being out to lunch, you can rely on Robert Palmer to linger strangely over the dessert.

Heavy Nova is yet another remarkable collection of eclectic clashes and super conventionality. Admittedly many rock stars go for Palmer's trick of experimenting with new styles from around the world (although none had the nerve to hire Gary Numan), and Robert's blend of chic HM ('Addicted To Love', 'Simply Irresistible') is not unknown in these days of renewed guitar torpor, but one rarely gets both on the same LP.

Here Robert does a Peggy Lee song, a Gap Band song, a Jacko number, and his own attempts at heavy metal, African music (with yodelling), Brazilian music, and even his odd version of pop ('She Makes My Day', which should keep Climie Fisher in ideas for a year or two).

The effect, natchers, is somewhat mixed. Most sane people will be delighted by the strange ethnic bits and the modern pop bits on this record, but we will run crying from the lumpy rock moments.

Similarly, anyone unevolved enough to like the Palmer rock sound will have no chance whatever of liking the rest of this LP.

At the moment, Robert Palmer's sense of variety and adventure continues merely to be admirable rather than consistently listenable (and you can bet all the singles off this LP will be the crap songs as usual). Once again, annoyingly, this very talented man comes up with his favourite formula; nothing for everyone.

DAVID QUANTICK

YNGWIE J. MALMSTEEN'S RISING FORCE
Odyessey (PolyGram)

Odessey Malmsteen's fourth album, teams the young Swedish-born guitar-solo freak, with Joe Lynn Turner, formerly of Fitchie Blackmore's Rainbow and, prior, Fandango. It is for this reason that it is Malmsteen's best effort to date: Turner, after all, is arguably one of the five best heavy rock singers in the world.

Malmsteen has a huge ego, you read about it in interviews and you can hear it in music. Turner, as I said, is fine, and during some of these songs his vocal prowess becomes suddenly checked because Malmsteen cuts into the song with a blaring solo and effectively ruins the song's continued progress and feel. It is as if Malmsteen was sitting in the studio, listening to Turner, and then jumping up to make sure he could do his own thing and assert some sort of authority. Perhaps he felt Turner would overshadow him.

But I guess it's all up to the individual. A lot of heavy rock fans just love drawn out guitar solos. I don't, preferring instead for a guitarist to come out with a succinct and tuneful lead break and then jump back into what the band is playing. There is no doubt that Malmsteen is a superb player, he is as quick as any in the world and delivers with emotion, moreover, but I figure there could be less of his instrumental dramatics and more cohesion throughout the music. Malmsteen's major problem is that he has this *me versus the rest* attitude.

The criticism of his musical attitude out of the way, *Odessey* is a great collection of melodic US-influenced rock and heavy metal. The album has light and shade, the result of instrumental pieces played with considerable dexterity, a couple of ballads and some blistering hard rock. Turner, through his voice, makes the album worthwhile alone.

And then for guitar freaks there's Yngwie, one of the best.

SCOTT HOWLETT

CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN
Our Beloved Revolutionary Sweetheart (Virgin)

This band is one of a small group of American bands that have two things in common. The first is that they have a reasonable degree of notoreity amongst the independant music scene and the second is they go a long way to proving the theory that only American bands have a true understanding of the use and abuse of the guitar.

From the opening song "Eye Of Fatima Pt. 1", there is an obvious sense of craft being shown in the construction of songs, a feel for the use of stringed instruments and a quirky sense of humour, i.e. *"Cowboys On Acid Like Egyptian Cartoon's"!* The song has in it a large variety of strings but the most dominant are slide guitar over a country/rock style riff and some subtle mandolin playing, the second part of this song is an instrumental where the mandolin has a more prominent role. Short and well styled.

The remainder of the first side is of a consistently high standard. The lowest point is the morbid "O Death", the highest, "She Divines Water", with its chopped up, stop/start ending but with a mandolin or guitar link through it so that it has a sense of thythm. "Devil Song" and "Turquoise Jewellery" are on a par, both equally capable of being played on more than independant radio. In between these two tracks is the laconic and very pleasant "One Of These Days".

Just when you thought you were settling into a comfortable feel, you turn the record over and hear the quiet mandolin intro to "Waka" then, BANG!, wall of sound guitars belt any thought that this was going to be a nice laid-back song right out of you with the same speed as a cannon going off in your ear. A very powerful and well-paced instru-

mental with one excellent feature which no English band seems to work out, when to finish a song. The second side is not as rewarding overall as the first. The best track being "My Path Belated", sounds like it should be on a soundtrack. Other include "The Pool", the zippy "Tania" and the slightly heavy but optimistic "Life Is Grand".

This album could have been titled *Camper Van Beethoven's Guide To The Use Of Guitar And Where To Put The Other Instruments Without Them Getting In The Way.* However, that would not have explained the subtleties of their construction and playing. This is one of the most rewarding albums, after repeated playing, I have heard for a long time. It just keeps getting better. They could be a new Heartbreakers, but in some ways they're better than that comparison may suggest.

Camper Van are a bit heavier and tougher, but share a depth of technique in manipulating guitars. This album has to be amongst this year's five best.

MARTY WILLIAMS

MICHAEL FEINSTEIN
Isn't It Romantic (W.E.A.)

Selling a dream is more important than selling an album for Michael Feinstein. That dream is to re-visit a less rushed, more melodic past where the innocence of a talented voice is not corrupted by electronic devices and sleezy producers. As such, his album *Isn't It Romantic"* is just that and then some. And it's not as if the guy is doing it with just his larynx. There is a full orchestra and rich harmonies to blend in with his expressive, short-back-and-sides' style.

The title piece is an under-paced version of the thirties' classic with tropical strings and muffled drums giving it an idyllic, Camelotian presence. It set the pace and grace that continues with Astaire's 'A Fine Romance' and Rogers' & Hammerstein's 'No Other Love'. It must be emphasised this is not your typical pop album. It is an attempt at time-warping, just as were Linda Ronstadt's collaborations with Nelson Riddle. And in a fashion, because Feinstein has never been linked to music of the Eighties, it is more believable. Listen to 'I Can Dream Can't I' and 'How About You'. It is hard to appreciate these recordings are anything but forty years old. Faithfully rendered and sentimentally exposed, only the lack of hiss in the background helps betray the recentness of their recording. *Isn't It Romantic* is thus a labour of love with only love as its subject.

— ROBERT VELLA

HENRY LEE SUMMER
Henry Lee Summer (CBS)

Simple thoughts transmitted through easy tunes is still the best and safest way to make a pop album. And if Henry Lee Summer is nothing else in life, he sure as hell is simple and easy. With song titles such as "I Wish I Had A Girl", "It'll Hurt For You" and "I Know How You Feel", you quickly realise this guy is a specialist in one-syllable, cute-as-a-picture teen ditties.

So this Yank's latest disc windsurfs without a rebellious bump through dream-beat pieces such as "I Wish I Had A Girl", "Hands On The Radio" and "Still Being Seventeen". The emphasis here is on uncomplicated up-and-down drumming, juicy, sun-worshipping choruses and hot-to-trot dance rhythms. Who said the science of commerciality was dead?

And just for a little diversity this Summer occasionally becomes lazy — the choruses, the drumming and the commerciality are still there — but the tempo slows right down to a smouldering ballad pace. Actually, it works quite well on snooty slight love songs like "Darlin' Danielle Don't" and "Just Another Day". They cap off a remarkably listenable and unobjectionable disc of modern, prepubescent pop.

— ROBERT VELLA

PETER SKELLERN
Lovelight (Possum Records)

You've heard about the calm before the storm. In Peter Skellern's case it's always the calm before the even calmer — instant calmer if you like. On his latest soothing offering, *Lovelight*, another nostalgia boutique sprawls open upon a red carpet of shimmering strings and tenor-laced harmonies.

This is music that is not backward in going back to the glory days of the thirties, with Skellern's expansive, melodically up front arrangements providing the sugary icing on the cake. It all comes across best on standards uch as "September Song", "These Foolish Things" and "What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life". If Willie Nelson can inject provincial simplicity into nostalgic pieces and Linda Ronstadt can line them with a glamorous sophistication, it is left to Skellern to provide them with an honest authenticity. Hence, in reality, *Lovelight* is not just a nostagia album but rather an honest-to-goodness Thirties soundtrack, that happened to be recorded in the late eighties.

— ROBERT VELLA

Four bands do the five-track thing . . .

PLUNDERERS
Trust Us
(Green Fez)

THE BHAGAVAD GUITARS
Foreverglades
(Red Eye Records)

NAKED LUNCH
Things Grow
(Green Fez)

WIDDERSHINS
Bottle Man's Wife
(Waterfront)

Four Australian bands have each recently released a five-track E.P. An extended play sits comfortably between the confines of a single and the enormity of a full length LP. With five tracks there is room to stretch out and include some of the dimensions and directions of a band. There is also *no* room for filler tracks. All four records end up being very lean and economical releases. Over twenty tracks very little sounds unnecessary and the overall consistency is remarkable.

Plunderers hail from "the baron wastelands of Canberra". This trio play heavy pop music, guitar orientated and packed with catchy hooks. Their name suggests a band of thieves but the only thing that sounds stolen is a healthy pop sensibility. All influences have had their serial numbers removed, have been resprayed and incorporated into the band sound.

Four out of five songs pump along at a great rate; the fifth, is the brooding highlight, "End Of Your World" (penned by Stevie Plunder!). the piano provides a nice change in texture, the rhythm section swings softly, while the vocal line is full of melodic nuances.

Like a semi-trailer flying through a stop sign, Naked Lunch hit with an unexpected force. The opening track "Foolish Pride" is a full on scream of classic pop that reminds me of The Raspberries at their best. The other sons, especially "Lest We" are strong but fail to maintain the initial excitement. the aural identity of the band comes through Steve Beves' vocals. His voice, mannered, elastic and aching would sound even better pushed up a bit further in the mix. There are many good ideas that work well here. However, a lack of focus, possibly because of many personnel changes, makes me think that he bands full potential is yet to be reached.

The Bhagavad Guitars capture that rich, airborne sound that reminds me a lot of early Church. The laid back lead vocals, the Beatles-in-the-bathroom harmonies and lots and lots of velvet guitars made me wonder who was responsible for capturing such a lush sound. The poducer turns out to be Church frontman Steve Kilbey! This is the most professional and consistent EP of the bunch with "Sleeping Dogs" and "Just To Be Sure" being highlights. A strong group sound emerges overtaking the influences mentioned above. They have an approach and sound to their music that could see them sitting high on both the mainstream and indi. charts. A very solid debut.

After three very good EPs we come to the Widdershins' recdord. It too is very good, but it has a touch of class and daring the others lack. Its sound is soft and restrained and based around some superbly recorded acoustic guitars. This band work with words as well as music and unlike everything else that I've listened to here. I can hear and understand what the singer is singing. Juliet Ward has a mysterious and haunting voice that captures and enthralls my ears. She sings like a little girl and an old lady (at the same time) and still sounds convincing. "King Ben" and "Foxtrot" *("In this selfish age-/where nothing comes between us/I feel love for you")* are riveting. "March Of The Green Men" adds 'something' to this record although I'm not sure what *("My urine/is turning green/my bowels are spouting something colourful")* "Railway" rocks gently with some nice piano touches, while the live version of Buffy St Marie's "Codeine" is hard, biting and powerful.

These records are excellent entrees or snacks; wholesome and fulfilling without leaving you feeling bloated.

STEPHEN ANDREW

MAX EIDER
The Best Kisser In The World
(Big Time)

If the title of this album puts you off, then Max Eider has no-one to blame but himself. Apart from the fact that not one of the ten songs on the album is actually titled *The best Kisser In The World*, the dizzy, shock-value tag completely misrepresents Eider's earthy and superbly researched style.

Basically an acoustic disc with a folksy, Antipodean accent, *Kisser's* deepest pieces are best described as sophisticated busking. Take the rapid-fire 'Quiet Lives' with its niggling guitars pushing apathy into the gutter and giving the street-aggro a chance to rally loose and free. The style actually makes you want to listen to the words. On a completely different plane is the subtle and ethereal 'Raking Up Leaves', a meditative piece that happily doesn't depend on de-humanising synthesiser but rather on very heart-felt six string guitar to develop its idyllic silhouette.

Briefly, the frantic, finger-burning guitaring on 'My Other Life' and the rockabilly plucking on 'Sensitive Touch' are masterly examples of revisionist guitar playing, within a modern folk forum. The vocals are post-punk, the instrumentation early rock and roll and the arrangements very contemporarily uncluttered. It all makes for extremely interesting and refreshing listening.

ROBERT VELLA

NARADA
Divine Emotion
(WEA)

Absolutely no doubt about the man's abilities. Narada Michael Walden is an enormously skilful drummer, keyboard player, writer and singer, while his production credits are up there with the best of them. There have been all sorts of fine collaborations in the past with Aretha Franklin, Chic, Rick James and even the likes of Starship and Jeff Beck. So when we discover he has assembled his first solo album in over three years, there is every reason to expect something special.

Unfortunately, it doesn't deliver. The single, 'Divine Emotions', gives a pointer to the rest of it. It's an infectious, sassy thing, combining a buoyant '70s vibe with your modern studio stunts — prime dancefloor stuff. And the cheerful brass and synth parts pile on the treble to enhance its radio-friendly potential. Given that Narada was the production brains behind much of Whitney Houston's recent success, it isn't surprising to find that the crossover appeal is handled with finesse.

Yet the desire to entertain across the board becomes exasperating fairly quickly. 'Jam The Night', for instance, picks up on a Clinton-type groove, but before long gets swamped down in awful hooklines, rock guitar and tons of keyboards. Even worse is the rhythm & blues mush of 'Certain Kind Of Lover', which is the kind of thing we're more used to hearing from boring sorts like Huey Lewis. It will doubtless be a huge hit in the future.

It's a shame, really, because there are many splendid musicians involved here like Randy Jackson on bass and Clarence Clemons, who plays some tasteful sax, especially on the slow-burning 'Wild Thing'. But then competence was never the issue anyway, more a great shortage of flair and adventure. Narada Michel Walden is currently working with Whitney Houston on a theme tune to the Seoul Olympics. That says a lot.

STUART BAILIE

JOHN NORUM
Total Control
(CBS)

For someone who purports to inhabit the fast lane, there is something disturbingly pedestrian and 'going nowhere' about John Norum's debut solo disc *Total Control.* Sure, there are plenty of guitars ready to slash through your grey matter, but none has the jagged edge to even make an emotional dent. And granted, the drums can occasionally pound so deeply that the reverberations echo through your cardio-vascular system, but never do they wake up the soul. In other words, *Total Control* has the correct tough-rocking machinations but lacks the human link that converts such precision plays into passion plays.

The pressure-cooker style on songs such as 'Let Me Love You' and 'Love Is Meant To Last Forever' has that coarse, cliche edge that has, of late, turned groups like Foreigner and Toto from vibrant rock ensembles into pop's soap opera equivalents. Dull, dull, dull.

So Norum continues to do it by emotional remote control on whining, windy pieces like 'Back On The Streets' and 'Someone Else Here', occasionally breaking it up by the obligatory hard-nosed ballad like 'Too Many Hearts'. In the end, neither the quickies nor the ballads will inspire anyone other than the amplifier salesman trying to flaunt the mega-decibel output of his product. When it comes to the final countdown, *Total Control* is just a nomad without a vision or a direction.

ROBERT VELLA

S.P.K.
Gold And Poison
(Regular/Festival)

The first time I heard S.P.K. was on a late night public radio show. It was like an aural explanation of a workshop manual but far more interesting than reading one. Metalic, spacey and stark, it was dark nightmusic. I nearly fell over when I put on *Gold And Poison.* Has Graeme Revell suddenly discovered The Human League?' I wondered. So I readjusted my expectations and started from scratch. It still sounded horrid. A rinky-tink drum machine, soggy synth strings and a vocalist singing 'you leave me breathless' with all the life of an auto pilot.

It was the last track on side one, 'The Doctrine Of Eternal Ice' that gave me the courage to listen on to the second side. 'Doctorine' is an atmospheric peace that has a slow propelling force of its own. With great relief and some pleasure I

found that the rest of the record continued in this vein.

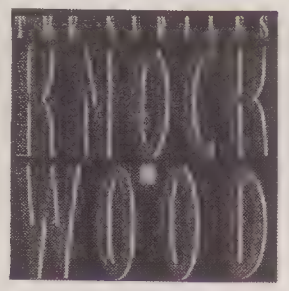
Side two is held together by a loose tropical theme. Some fascinating juxtapositions here: warm, equatorial sounds are heard within a cold, dark atmoshpere. The centrepiece on this side, 'White Island', goes some way to "explaining" these contrasts. A soft vocal line sings for a return to an island home, while old American news reels are heard documenting the removal of the natives from Bikini Atoll before it became a nuclear test site. Jungle noises and a beat the music ignores completes this unusual collage.

By the time the final track, 'Garden Of Earthly Delights', has ended it's hard to believe the contrasts in style and quality between the two sides. 'Garden', like everything else on face two, is rich and evocative. Side one is quite the opposite. Definitely a record to listen to before purchasing. There is no better summation than the ablum title.

STEPHEN ANDREW

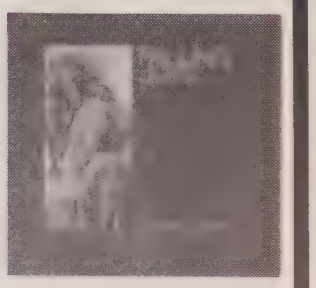
SINGLES

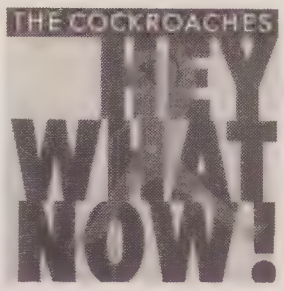
EDITED BY MARA SMARRELLI



THE NUBILES
Knock On Wood (Rampant)
Gotta give this band full marks for hanging in there. Taken from their *Goin' To The Country* album, this cover version isn't too bad for what the band is on about. Seem to think this 'fun time' number would go down better live than on record. Still, there's enough energy and guitar rock 'n' roll licks to kick it along.

CAPTAIN COCOA
Bicycle Thieves (Cleopatra)
A curious, quirky pop, naive ditty from this Melbourne band that sure took a long time to release something on vinyl. Blended with a touch of harmonica, sax, and farfisa organ, it's the kind of stuff that grows on you after a couple of listens but you don't know why.





THE COCKROACHES
Hey What Now! (Regular)
The guitar work on this sounds like The Sunnyboys. Again, you gotta credit this band for doing what they do best — cleancut, inoffensive rock 'n' roll the whole family can party to. This one's not as light weight as previous songs, has a bit more dirt. Hang on, I spoke too soon — B-side is too jolly to be true.

FALLING JOYS
Nearly A Sin (Volition)
Impressive debut single from this Sydney band who recently toured Melbourne with Scattered Order. Well paced, bright, up, and cleverly arranged. Female lead vocals make a welcomed change. Hope their forthcoming debut mini LP has more of the same.

THE BIBLE
Crystal Palace (Chrysalis)
Clean English pop — guitars, smooth vocals and tamborines — the sort of stuff that made The Smiths reach dizzy heights. Maybe this will receive some kind of commercial radio reaction that the band hoped for with previous singles but I doubt it.

BIG PIG
Big Hotel (White)
Maybe a song about the array of patrons of a Fitzroy street abode. Already receiving ample airplay. Not surprisingly, heaps of percussion, drums and harmonica. Like Hunters & Collectors, Big Pig create sounds that are more 'innovative' than other records on the top 40 merry-go-round. And does *The Factory* on the ABC have to play this band every week — enough already!

THE CHRISTIANS
Forgotten Town (Island)
A soul/funk sounding release from The Christians (not related to The Bible). This one's got a bit of everything — heaps of harmonies, percussion, and silky vocals. This is the 'US Midtown Re-mix' of the original which can be found on their self-titled album. Collectors listen up — this 3 track single comes with a bonus cassette.

JIMMY BARNES
Waitin' For The Heartache (Mushroom)
Big American touch on this — they'll love it over there. You could expect to hear this as backing music to a *Miami Vice* episode. Full, slick, and quality production on this ballad. Needless to say, this will reach the top.

GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS
Treat Her Right (EMI)
From the guy that 'gives good teeth', big bag George goes cover version with this Roy Head classic. He kicks it along with his guitar and additional brass but vocally it's a pretty average rendition of this 50's/60's song. Preferred The Shindiggers cover to this soul/blues attack. Still, not bad listening.

ROCKMELONS
Thief (Truetone)
More city soul pop from this Sydney outfit. Vocally, this is quality. Like past releases, female backing vocals and dance tempo should see this receive attention. But I wish they'd ease up on those electronic/synthesized backing vocals — cringe material!

SCHNELL FENSTER
Whisper (EMI)
There's no stopping these New Zealanders. Features 3 ex-Split Enz members. Have always liked Phil Judd's vocals and here, after years away from the public, he doesn't let us down. A chunky broad production spiced with clever guitar licks make this as distinctive as. Members' past reputation already stamps this single as a potential hit but this time I think it's warranted (for a change).

VIDEOS...VIDEOS...

The Lighthorsemen

Starring: Jon Blake, Peter Phelps, Tony Bonner, Bill Kerr, John Walton, Gary Sweet, Sigrid Thornton.
(RCA Columbia Hoyts)

The Australian Light Horse was formed in 1914 — almost immediately after England's declaration of war against Germany and its allies.

Over 2,000 men were accepted immediately from the many thousands eager to enter this 'typically Australian' branch of the army. Within seven months, their numbers had swelled to 8,000, grouped into three brigades of three regiments each.

This true story begins early in 1917 when the British campaign in Palestine is stalemated, and in particular focuses on a four-man section of a Light Horse Regiment: Frank, the macho leader; the garrulous yarn-spinning Tas; his devoted and not-too-bright mate Chiller; and the quiet, apparently easy going, but thoroughly formidable Scotty, so-called because he's Irish.

To give more of the storyline would not do the film enough justice, suffice to say, this is a film in the tradition of *Breaker Morant* and *Gallipoli* and could be regarded as a classic. Exceptional acting is seen in the all-star cast including Jon Blake, who on the last day of shooting was involved in a serious car accident which left him in a coma for months.

The Lighthorsemen is a film which portrays a part of Australian history which our generation would not know much about. I thoroughly recommend it, but, make sure you have a double-bed sheet handy — you'll need it to sob into.

— DEBRA NICHOLDS

Teen Wolf Too

Starring: Jason Bateman, Kim Darby, Eske Chandler, John Astin
(Filmpac)

The first week of college is never easy — making new friends, finding your way around, and of course worrying about growing hair on your face.

Todd Hunter is fretting about all these things and more. He is the cousin of the original Teen Wolf (Michael J. Fox) and is awarded a full sports scholarship he never applied for, boxing, a sport at which he has no skill.

The most obvious thing to do of course is rush to the costume department and grab a Planet Of The Apes mask, a pair of mohair stockings and add a voice-over from an old Animal Kingdom film. Voila! Werewolf in boxing shorts ready to take on Mike Tyson.

There's one problem here, Todd's fur is getting up his girlfriend's nose, as he's dumped her for the starlet of the school. This could mean they have baby werewolves, thus producing more teen wolf sequels. I don't blame her for being concerned.

Teen Wolf Too, like many sequels, fails to match its predecessor. The storyline has too many hairs on it to have the viewer howling with laughter (pardon the pun).

— DEBRA NICHOLDS

FILMS...FILMS...FI

Dylan and Sheen together in "Backtrack" . . .

Bob Dylan will star in Dennis Hopper's new film for Vestron, *Backtrack*.

The film will also star Charlie Sheen, Jodie Foster *(Taxi Driver)*, Vincent Price, Dean Stockwell, Julie Adams and singer/choreographer Toni Basil.

Stockwell, Adams and Basil starred in Hopper's 1971 film, *The Last Movie*. The 52-year-old director's most famous movie is *Easy Rider*, starring Peter Fonda.

Dylan spent much of the latter part of 1986 and a good part of the following year working on 20th Century Fox's *Hearts Of Fire*, which turned out to be one of last year's biggest lemons.

It was Dylan's first mainstream movie for 13 years.

★ ★ ★

Bette Midler has been given permission by a Californian court, to sue an advertiser for using her voice and style in a television commercial for cars.

The U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals upheld Miss Midler's claim that the Ford Motor Company and the Young & Rubicam Advertising Agency, pirated her identity in the commercial.

The court heard that one of Miss Midler's former backing singers was hired by the agency to imitate her version of "Do You Wanna Dance" for the 1986 TV commercial flogging the Mercury Sable car.

The case was earlier thrown of out the Los Angeles Federal Court when the judge ruled that while the ad agency had "acted like the average thief", there was no law prohibiting the imitation of a singer's voice.

Miss Midler's manager, Jerry Edelstein says he expects a huge cash settlement from Ford and is pleased that a precedent has now been set which will severely restrict other performers being ripped off by advertisers.

★ ★ ★

Bruce Springsteen's estranged wife Julianne Phillips and former television star John Ritter are working on a new Blake Edwards film in Los Angeles.

The film has the working title Blake Edwards Untitled, until a name is found.

Edwards, who wrote the screenplay, is directing the film with Tony Adams producing. Others in the cast include Vincent Gardenia, Alyson Reed and Joel Brooks.

★ ★ ★

Bearded country singer Kenny Rogers is easing himself into the television talkback market in the United States.

Rogers has announced plans to host a daytime talk and entertainment series for U.S. television.

"I'm not trying to compete with Phil Donahue or Geraldo Rivera," says Rogers. "I don't want to be sensational or an investigative reporter. I just happen to know a lot of important people, mostly in the entertainment industry, and I want to use them to help create something truly innovative."

The format for the show will be a one-hour chat and variety show, which is expected to debut sometime next year.

Meantime, Rogers is working on a one-hour primetime television special which will involve sportspeople and entertainers in sports competitions at his Georgia ranch.

★ ★ ★

Sylvester Stallone, recently in Australia for the opening of *Rambo III*, has made a "substantial donation" to the Save The Children Federation, in recognition of its work in the Afghan refugee camps in Pakistan.

Rambo III deals with conflict in Afghanistan. Stallone says he plans to visit the camps in Pakistan sometime in the near future.

Save The Children works in the Mansehra district of Pakistan's northweast frontier province.

Stallone's donation wil enable the federation to expand its aid program o the border town of Peshawar.

★ ★ ★

Anthony Quinn is in Costa Brava, Spain working on a new film by that household name, Jose Antonia de la Loma.

The film is *A Man Of Passion*, which co-stars Stella Stevens' son, Andrew, last seen in Australia in a major role in the television adaptation of Jackie Collins' novel, *Hollywood Wives*.

★ ★ ★

Kevin Costner, Burt Lancaster and Ray Liotta have arrived in Iowa to start work on a film called *Shoeless Joe*.

Produced by Lawrence Gordon, the film has an impressive supporting cast, including actress Amy Madigan.

— DULCIE JEAN

WORDS...ROCKWORDS...WORDS...ROC

E	E	B	A	N	A	N	A	R	A	M	A	K	E
A	E	E	Q	D	V	Q	P	U	O	M	O	N	X
S	E	L	A	B	M	E	B	B	A	C	I	W	S
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Q	L	F	W	L	J	E	P	A	R	S	D	N	N
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All you need to do is find and circle the words (they can run upwards, backwards, diagonally, etc) and the first three correct entries received will win a six-month subscription to Juke. NB Current subscription holders are ineligible.

1. No 1 — "WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD" by Louis (surname?).

2. No 2 — "THE FLAME" by (first name?) Trick.

3. No 3 — "BLUE MONDAY" by New (second name?).

4. No 4 — "PINK CADILLAC" by (christian name?).

5. No 5 — "I WANT YOU BACK" By (group's name?).

6. No 6 — "NEW (second word?)" by INXS.

7. No 7 — "DOCK OF THE BAY" By Michael (surname?).

8. No 8 — "GET OUT OF MY DREAMS, GET INTO MY CAR" by Billy (surname?).

9. No 9 — "I SAW HIM STANDING THERE" by (name?).

10. No 10 — "FAST CAR" by Tracy (surname?).

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Purple
Richard
Santana
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JUKE

OZ CHARTS

SINGLES

1	1	**GOT TO BE CERTAIN, Kylie Monogue**	**Festival**
2	4	**BETTER BE HOME SOON, Crowded House**	**EMI**
3	2	**WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD, Louis Armstrong**	**Festival**
4	7	**FAST CAR, Tracy Chapman**	**WEA**
5	3	**THE FLAME, Cheap Trick**	**CBS**
6	5	I WANT YOU BACK, Bananarama	Liberation/CBS
7	6	BLUE MONDAY, New Order	Volition/CBS
8	13	DROP THE BOY, Bros	CBS
9	—	MOTOR'S TOO FAST, James Reyne	EMI
10	9	PINK CADILLAC, Natalie Cole	EMI
11	12	NEW SENSATION, INXS	WEA
12	16	UNDERNEATH THE RADAR, Underworld	WEA
13	11	I SAW HIM STANDING THERE, Tiffany	WEA
14	8	DOCK OF THE BAY, Michael Bolton	CBS
15	19	WANNA BE UP, Chantoozies	Mushroom/Festival
16	15	COULD'VE BEEN, Tiffany	WEA
17	10	WHEN WILL I BE FAMOUS, Bros	CBS
18	20	TOGETHER FOREVER, Rick Astley	BMG/RCA
19	17	TELL IT TO MY HEART, Taylor Dayne	BMG/RCA
20	—	TOMORROW PEOPLE, Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers	Virgin
21	14	LOVE IS A BRIDGE, Little River Band	WEA
22	—	BOYS (SUMMERTIME LOVE), Sabrina	PolyGram
23	23	BITTER TEARS, Venetians	Festival
24	—	ENDLESS SUMMER NIGHTS, Richard Marx	EMI
25	—	HEY LITTLE BOY, Divinyls	Festival

ALBUMS

1	3	**'88 KIX ON, Various Artists**	**PolyGram**
2	2	**TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman**	**WEA**
3	1	**WOW, Bananarama**	**Liberation/CBS**
4	7	**PUSH, Bros**	**CBS**
5	5	**GOOD MORNING VIETNAM, Original Soundtrack**	**Festival**
6	10	OU812, Van Halen	WEA
7	6	TIFFANY, Tiffany	WEA
8	4	TOUR OF DUTY, TV Soundtrack	CBS
9	—	RICHARD MARX, Richard Marx	EMI
10	8	INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terence Trent D'Arby	CBS
11	9	STRINGER, Kate Ceberano & Wendy Matthews	Festival
12	11	BONK, Big Pig	Mushroom/Festival
13	—	ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood	Virgin
14	12	HIGHER GROUND, John Denver	BMG/RCA
15	18	SCENES FROM THE SOUTH SIDE, Bruce Hornsby & The Range	BMG/RCA
16	13	WHENEVER YOU NEED SOMEBODY, Rick Astley	BMG/RCA
17	17	LOVESEXY, Prince	WEA
18	14	THE LONESOME JUBILEE, John Cougar Mellencamp	PolyGram
19	—	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	CBS
20	—	LIVE 1980-86, Joe Jackson	Festival
21	19	TALES OF THE CITY, Rockmelons	Truestone/EMI
22	25	KICK, INXS	WEA
23	21	TEMPERAMENTAL, Divinyls	Festival
24	20	MONSOON, Little River Band	WEA
25	15	BIG BAD NOISE, Choir Boys	Mushroom/Festival

ALTERNATIVELY

SINGLES

1	**TOWERS OF STRENGTH, Died Pretty**	**Blue Mosque**
2	**WHEN THERE'S THIS PARTY, Ed Kuepper**	**True Tone**
3	**TROUBLE FROM PROVIDENCE, Sacred Cowboys**	**Citadel**
4	**THE MERCY SEAT, Nick Cave**	**Mute**
5	**JENNY'S WAKE, Trilobites**	**Waterfront**
6	FEAR, Exploding White Mice	Greasy Record Co.
7	LIT BY THE FUSE, Ups & Downs	Mushroom
8	SWIM TO SHORE, Hummingbirds	Phantom
9	JOHN BONHAM'S COKE ROADIE, This Is Serious Mum	Elvis
10	DON'T MOVE TOO FAR, Happy Hate Me Nots	Waterfront
11	FIREBALL OF LOVE, The Dubrovniks	Citadel
12	BACK ON THE BREADLINE, Hunters & Collectors	White
13	VOLATILE, Lime Spiders	Virgin
14	LOOKING FORWARD TO DESTORY, Mad Turks From Istanbul	Greasy Record Co
15	NO WARNING, Toys Went Berserk	Aberrant
16	FINAL ASSAULT, The Rocks	Waterfront
17	YOU NEVER LOOK, Whipper Snappers	Green Fez
18	KNOCK ON WOOD, The Nubiles	Rampant
19	TILTING AT WINDMILLS, Weddings Parties Anything	WEA
20	WET BLANKET, The Chills	Flying Nun
21	TOP END KILLER, King Snake Roost	Aberrant
22	EVERYDAY IS LIKE SUNDAY, Morrissey	HMV/EMI
23	10 LIES, Beautiful Loser	Monkey
24	DANCING BAREFOOT, Celibate Rifles	Hot
25	STAY, The Saints	Mushroom

● *Compiled with the assistance of Au Go Go, Waterfront, Da Da, Umbrella, and Kent Records*

ALBUMS

1	**HARD TO BEAT, Various Artists**	**Au Go Go**
2	**THE NOT SO LUCKY COUNTRY, Various Artists**	**Reactor**
3	**LOST, Died Pretty**	**Blue Mosque**
4	**EVERYBODY'S GOT TO, Ed Kuepper**	**True Tone**
5	**HINDSIGHT, The Church**	**EMI**
6	RAMONES MANIA, The Ramones	WEA
7	BARBED WIRE KISSES, Jesus & Mary Chain	WEA
8	VOLATILE, Lime Spiders	Virgin
9	ROARING DAYS, Weddings Parties Anything	WEA
10	'78-'82, Hitmen	Survival
11	THE ENERGETIC COOL, Bachelors From Prague	3333
12	LONELY MR HAPPY, Deadly Hume	Phantom
13	SHADOWLAND, K. D. Lang	WEA
14	LIFE'S TOO GOOD, Sugarcubes	One Little Indian
15	PRE DEITY, Died Pretty	Citadel
16	STRAIGHT EDGE HOLOCAUST, Where's The Pope	Reactor
17	COOPER S, Feedtime	Aberrant
18	HAIRWAY TO STEVEN, Butthole Surfers	Au Go Go
19	I AM CURIOUS, Curious Yellow	Red Eye
20	LABYRINTH, The Moffs	Citadel
21	HOT SNAPPER PIE, Seminal Rats	Mr Spaceman
22	NOBODY LIKES A THINKER, Mass Appeal	Waterfront
23	FOREVERGLADES, Bhagavad Guitars	Red Eye
24	DO YOU SELL BEER HERE?, Iron Sheiks	Greasy Pop
25	LA VOLTA, Bullet	Taang!

Metal

1	**OPERATION MINDCRIME, Queensryche**	**(EMI)**
2	**OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AHH!, Poison**	**(CBS)**
3	**NO PLACE FOR DISGRACE, Flotsam & Jetsam**	**(Roadrunner)**
4	**RAM IT DOWN, Judas Priest**	**(CBS)**
5	**LITA, Lita Ford**	**(WEA)**
6	**SO FAR, SO GOOD, SO WHAT, Megadeth**	**(EMI)**
7	**THEM, King Diamond**	**(Roadrunner)**
8	**TRICK OR TREAT SOUNDTRACK, Fastway**	**(CBS)**
9	**THE NEW ORDER, Testament**	**(Megaforce)**
10	**ODYSSEY, Yngwie Malmsteen's Rising Force**	**(PolyGram)**

● *Courtesy Metal For Melbourne Records*

Clubland

1 **POP MUSIK, All Systems Go**
2 **OH WHAT A NIGHT '88 REMIX, The Four Seasons**
3 **THE BEST OF MY LOVE, Dee Lewis**
4 **FOLLOW THE LEADER, Eric B & Rakim**
5 **OOCHY KOOCHY, Baby Ford**
6 **MAKE 'EM ROCK, Fourplay**
7 **TAKE THAT TO THE BANK, Jody Watley**
8 **MARY MARY, Run D.M.C.**
9 **LOOSEY'S RAP, Rick James**
10 **BUBBLE MAN RAP, The Bubblemen**

● *Courtesy Central Station Records*

Videos

1	**THE RUNNING MAN**	**(Roadshow)**
2	**INNER SPACE**	**(Warner)**
3	**PROJECT X**	**(CBS-Fox)**
4	**ROBO COP**	**(RCA-Columbia)**
5	**NO RETREAT NO SURRENDER II**	**(Filmpac)**
6	**EVIL DEAD 2**	**(CBS-Fox)**
7	**BORN IN EAST L.A.**	**(CIC-Taft)**
8	**NO WAY OUT**	**(RCA-Columbia)**
9	**SUPERMAN IV**	**(RCA-Columbia)**
10	**THE LOST BOYS**	**(Warner)**

● *Courtesy Movieland*

• Poison's new disc is number 2 on this week's metal chart.

CHARTS

USA

SINGLES

1	**3**	**THE FLAME, Cheap Trick**	**Epic**
2	**1**	**DIRTY DIANA, Michael Jackson**	**Epic**
3	**6**	**POUR SOME SUGUAR ON ME, Def Leppard**	**Mercury**
4	**7**	**MERCEDES BOY, Pebbles**	**MCA**
5	**2**	**FOOLISH BEAT, Debbie Gibson**	**Atlantic**
6	12	NEW SENSATION, INXS	Atlantic
7	4	MAKE IT REAL, The Jets	MCA
8	9	NITE AND DAY Al B. Sure!	Uptown
9	5	THE VALLEY ROAD, Bruce Hornsby & The Range	RCA
10	8	TOGETHER FOREVER, Rick Astley	RCA
11	15	HOLD ON TO THE NIGHT, Richard Marx	EMI-Manhattan
12	13	NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME, Poison	Enigma
13	20	ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood	Virgin
14	14	I STILL BELIEVE, Brenda K. Starr	MCA
15	17	RUSH HOUR, Jane Wiedlin	EMI-Manhattan
16	18	HANDS TO HEAVEN, Breathe	A & M
17	22	MAKE ME LOSE CONTROL, Eric Carmen	Arista
18	19	LOST ON YOU, Rod Stewart	W. Bros.
19	21	SIGN YOUR NAME, Terence Trent D'Arby	Columbia
20	10	ALPHABET ST., Prince	Paisley Park
21	16	CIRCLE IN THE SAND, Belinda Calisle	MCA
22	—	1-2-3 . . . . , Gloria Estefan & the Miama Sound Machine	Epic
23	25	PARADISE, Sade	Epic
24	—	PARENTS JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND, D.J. Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince	Jive
25	—	COLOUR OF LOVE, Billy Ocean	Jive

ALBUMS

1	**1**	**OU812, Van Halen**	**W. Bros**
2	**2**	**FAITH, George Michael**	**Columbia**
3	**5**	**DIRTY DANCING, Original Soundtrack**	**RCA**
4	**4**	**STRONGER THAN PRIDE, Sade**	**Epic**
5	**3**	**OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AHH!, Poison**	**Enigma**
6	9	HYSTERIA, Def Leppard	Mercury
7	10	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'n' Roses	Geffen
8	6	TOUGHER THAN LEATHER, Run D.M.C.	Profile
9	7	SCENES FROM THE SOUTHSIDE, Bruce Hornsby & The Range	RCA
10	13	TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman	Elektra
11	11	INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terence Trent D'Arby	Columbia
12	8	LOVESEXY, Prince	Paisley Park
13	12	NOW AND ZEN, Robert Plant	EsParanza
14	14	SAVAGE AMUSEMENT, Scorpions	Mercury
15	16	LET IT LOOSE, Gloria Estefen & The Miama Machine	Epic
16	19	MORE DIRTY DANCING, Original Soundtrack	RCA
17	15	BAD, Michael Jackson	Epic
18	20	IN EFFECT MODE, Al B. Sure!	Uptown
19	18	PEBBLES, Pebbles	MCA
20	22	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	Epic
21	25	HE'S THE D.J. I'M THE RAPPER, D.J. Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince	Jive
22	23	MAKE IT LAST FOREVER, Keith Sweat	Elektra
23	21	KICK, INXS	Altanic
24	17	DIESEL AND DUST, Midnight Oil	Columbia
25	—	OUT OF THE BLUE, Debbie Gibson	Altantic

UK

SINGLES

1	**2**	**THE TWIST (YO TWIST), Fat Boys & Chubby Checker**	**Urban**
2	**13**	**NOTHING'S GONNA CHANGE MY LOVE FOR YOU, Glen Medeiros**	**London**
3	**1**	**I OWE YOU NOTHING, Bros**	**CBS**
4	**10**	**PUSH IT/TRAMP, Salt 'n' Pepa**	**London**
5	**4**	**TRIBUTE (RIGHT ON), Pasadenas**	**CBS**
6	5	IN THE AIR TONIGHT '88, Phil Collins	Virgin
7	3	BOYS, Sabrina	Ibiza
8	14	FAST CAR, Tracy Chapman	Elektra
9	7	BREAKFAST IN BED, UB40 with Chrissie Hynde	DEP Int.
10	11	TOUGHER THAN THE REST, Bruce Springsteen	CBS
11	—	DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE, Public Enemy	Def Jam
12	6	DOCTORIN' THE TARDIS, Timelords	KLF
13	18	WAP-BAM-BOOGIE? DON'T BLAME IT ON THAT GIRL, Matt Bianco	WEA
14	8	WILD WORLD, Maxi Priest	10
15	20	MAYBE (WE SHOULD CALL IT A DAY), Hazell Dean	EMI
16	—	ROSES ARE RED, Mac Band	MCA
17	23	I WILL BE WITH YOU, T'Pau	Siren
18	12	CHAINS OF LOVE, Erasure	Mute
19	17	YOU HAVE PLACED A CHILL IN MY HEART, Eurythmics	RCA
20	—	NEVER TEAR US APART, INKS	Mercury
21	22	THERE'S MORE TO LOVE, Communards	London
22	—	FOLLOW THE LEADER, Eric B & Rakim	MCA
23	9	VOYAGE VOYAGE, Desireless	CBS
24	—	CROSS MY HEART, Eighth Wonder	Epic
25	15	CAR WASH/IS IT LOVE YOU'RE AFTER, Rose Royce	PWL

ALBUMS

1	**1**	**TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman**	**Elektra**
2	**9**	**IDOL SONGS — 11 OF THE BEST, Billy Idol**	**Chrysalis**
3	**4**	**PUSH, Bros**	**CBS**
4	**5**	**ROLL WITH IT, Steve Windwood**	**Virgin**
5	**3**	**TANGO IN THE NIGHT, Fleetwood Mac**	**W. Bros.**
6	2	INTEFLITE, Various Artists	CBS
7	7	DIRTY DANCING, Original Soundtrack	RCA
8	—	HEAVY NOVA, Robert Palmer	EMI
9	8	HEAVY ON EARTH, Belinda Carlisle	Virgin
10	—	THE COLLECTION, Barry White	Mercury
11	6	WHITNEY, Whitney Houston	Arista
12	—	TUNNEL OF LOVE, Bruce Springsteen	CBS
13	10	STRONGER THAN PRIDE, Sade	Epic
14	14	THE HITS OF HOUSE ARE HERE, Various Artists	K-Tel
15	19	LET IT BEE, Voice Of The Beehive	London
16	11	POPPED IN SOULED OUT, Wet Wet Wet	Precious Org.
17	13	PEOPLE, Hothouse Flowers	London
18	—	TIGHTEN UP VOL. 88, Big Audio Dynamite	CBS
19	—	IRISH HEARTBEAT, Van Morrison & The Chieftans	Mercury
20	24	JACK MIX IN FULL EFFECT, Mirage	Stylus
21	12	MOTOWN DANCE PARTY, Various Artists	Motwon
22	18	ACTUALLY, Pet Shop Boys	Parlophone
23	26	CONFESSIONS OF A POP GROUP, The Style Council	Polydor
24	16	MORE DIRTY DANCING, Original Soundtrack	RCA
25	—	SAVAGE, Eurythmics	RCA

OUT! this week

Vinyl

Singles

BROS
I Owe You Nothing (7" & 12")
TIMBUK 3
Easy
TOMMY EMMANUEL
Up From Down Under
TONI CHILDS
Stop Your Fussin'
THE JOHNNYS
Motorbikin'
VENETIANS
Bitter Tears (12")

Albums

JOY DIVISION
Substance
STEWART COPELAND
The Equalizer And Other Cliffhangers
PETE HAYCOCK
Guitar And Son
WILLIAM ORBIT
Strange Cargo
WISHBONE ASH
Nouveau Calls
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Music Too Good For Words
ROBERT PALMER
Heavy Nova
CLIFF RICHARD
Remember Me
THE BROTHERS JOHNSON
Kickin'
THE PHIL WOODS QUINTET
Bop Stew — Fujitsu-Concord Jazz Festival '87 Vol 1
ROBYN HITCHCOCK & THE EGYPTIANS
Balloon Man
THE COCKROACHES
Hey What Now! (Cassingle)
KYLIE MINOGUE
Got To Be Certain (Cassingle)
CELIBATE RIFLES
Dancin' Bare Foot (12")
BILL MEDLEY
He Ain't Heavy He's My Brother
MOODY BLUES
I Know You're Out There
JUDY CHEEKS
I Still Love You (7" & 12")
THE SCORPIONS
Rhythm Of Love
MAGNUM
Days Of No Trust (7" & 12")

WILL DOWNING
Will Downing
KEN PEPLOWSKI
Double Exposure
ASWAD
Distant Thunder
THE EXPLOITED
Fools Gold
GRAHAM PARKER
The Mona Lisa's Sister
KING KOBRA
111
QUIET RIOT
Wild, Young And Crazee
KING DIAMOND
Them
MUDDY WATERS
Rolling Stone 1915-1933
HOWLIN' WOLF
The Wolf
LOUIS ARMSTRONG
Struttin' With Some Barbecue
JOHNNY WINTER
The Collection
DANIELLA SIMMONS
Shout Back
TASTE-T-LIPS
Hypnotise
JAMES BROWN
Pay Back Mix
SECRET SOCIETY
When The Clock Breaks Down
TONY LLEWELLYN
Pick You Up (7" & 12")
AGNETHA FALTSKOG
I Wasn't The One (Who Said Goodbye) (7" & 12")
BLUE MERCEDES
Love Is The Gun (7" & 12")
UNDERWORLD
Glory! Glory!
HARRY BELAFONTE
Day-O

THE CONCORD ALL STARS
Fujitsu-Concord Jazz Festival '87 Vol 3
EDDIE COCHRANE
The Early Years
RAMONES
Too Tough To Die
HATE CREW
Silent Rage
THE GLORY
We Are What We Are
THE SPORTS
Missin' Your Kissin'
SWIMMING WITH SHARKS
Swimming With Sharks
DE VONSQUARE
Walking On Ice
GERRY RAFFERTY
North And South
VAN MORRISON & THE CHIEFTAINS
Irish Heartbeat
THE SCORPIONS
Savage Amusement

CD

JOY DIVISION
Substance
STEWART COPELAND
The Equalizer And Other Cliffhangers
PETE HAYCOCK
Guitar And Son
WILLIAM ORBIT
Strange Cargo
WISHBONE ASH
Nouveau Calls
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Music Too Good For Words
THE STYLE COUNCIL
Life At A Top People's Health Farm (single)
KEN PEPLOWSKI
Double Exposure
COURTNEY PINE
Destiny's Song
ASWAD
Distant Thunder
THE PHIL WOODS QUINTET
Bop Stew — Fujitsu-Concert Jazz Festival '87 Vol 1
THE CONCORD ALL STARS
Fujitsu Concord Jazz Festival '87 Vol 3
GRAHAM PARKER
The Mona Lisa's Sister
KING DIAMOND
Them
MOODY BLUES
I Know You're Out There (single)
JUDY CHEEKS
I Still Love You (single)
MAGNUM
Days Of No Trust (single)
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP
Rooty Toot Toot (single)
DEBBIE GIBSON
Foolish Beat (single)
SPYRO GYRO
Rites Of Summer
NICOLAS DE ANGELIS
La Bamba
THE SUN AND THE MOON
The Sun And The Moon
THE RAMONES
Ramones Mania
FRANK SINATRA/ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM
Francis Albert Sinatra/Antonio Carlos Jobim
THE EVERLY BROTHERS
The Very Best Of

Video

THE BEAST
(Drama, PG, RCA-Columbia)
ASPHALT WARRIORS
(Thriller, M, RCA-Columbia)
THE BLUE MAN
(Thriller, M, Vestron)
THE BOY FROM HELL
(Horror, M, RCA-Columbia)
THE CARPETBAGGERS
(Drama, M, CIC-Taft)
CHUCK NORRIS — KARATE KOMMANDOS
(Animated, G, CIC-Taft)
DEVIL'S PARADISE
(Drama, M, CEL)
APOCALYPSE MERCENARIES
(Action, M, CIC-Taft)
FOOTROT FLATS
(Animated, PG, RCA-Columbia)
HAIL! HAIL! ROCK 'N' ROLL
(Music, G, CIC-Taft)
HOLLYWOOD COP
(Action, R, Vestron)
HOSTAGE
(Drama, M, Vestron)
HOUR OF THE ASSASSIN
(Thriller, M, CEL)
ISHTAR
(Comedy, PG, RCA-Columbia)
JAWS: THE REVENGE
(Drama, M, CIC-Taft)
AMAZING STORES
(Fantasy, PG, CIC-Taft)
THROW MOMMA FROM THE TRAIN
(Comedy, M, RCA-Columbia)
THE LAST FLING
(Comedy, M, CEL)
MAN IN THE IRON MASK
(Animated, G, Vestron)
MIDNIGHT OFFERINGS
(Horror, M, CIC-Taft)
MY LITTLE GIRL
(Drama, M, CIC-Taft)
RED DUST
(Drama, PG, CEL)
THE RIP-OFF
(Action, M, CIC-Taft)
SKELETON COAST
(Action, M, CEL)
SUMMER SCHOOL
(Comedy, PG, CIC-Taft)
TEXAS
(Western, PG, RCA-Columbia)
THE WILD PAIR
(Thriller, R, RCA-Columbia)

Juke ON STAGE

Ziggy Marley and The Melody Makers

Venue: London Alexandra Palace

Ziggy still has puppy fat. A cellular layer which pads out his elasticated peg jeans and cap-shouldered T-shirt. A kid more suited to Woolworth's clothing circa '78 than the stage of the Capital Radio Roots Rockers Festival. The five-year-olds perched on top of the crash barriers seem to have more potential to represent the modern face of reggae than Marley's son.

The beard takes it a step too far. A wisp of bum fluff passing for the stubble of his father. There's no need to emulate wisdom. It won't be anymore forthcoming in a clone than was expected from baby Moses. Ziggy's wisdom will come from experience and environment. Nineteen years under the shadow of "my father, Jah Rastafari" isn't enough to convince.

He sings with a begrudging presence. An air that even the whistle shrieking masses find hard to get worked up about. The voice is fun, fraught and familiar, but all too often detached, almost workmanlike. A Prince Regent eager to abdicate the throne before he's even inherited it.

Not as obvious, but more enthusiastic, is his younger brother Steve. Much of his time is spent dancing like some lonely dog who can't bear to leave the family for a second. Ultra shy, his eyes are kept low below his baseball cap. As he delivers a rolling raggamuffin toast, the excitement feeding back from the thrill-starved crowd, gives him the confidence to jump centre and steal Ziggy's mike, as well as the limelight. The afternoon's highpoint. Ziggy smiles and pushes him back into the corner.

Aside from the opening question 'What's True?', the set is almost chronologically delivered. From Ziggy's songwriting stirrings at 15, 'You Can't Blame The Youth' (the Melody Makers' second single) to 'Tomorrow People', an '80s bubble of love and humanity, described by Ziggy as "a song for the future".

'We Propose', a limp-wristed affair on vinyl, is transformed into an anthem of intent and freedom, where the people of Africa are released in the length of a song. The past comes back to stun us in the shape of 'The Heathen', the only song the assembled recognise from the first three chords.

I wonder if this is all they truly want, a healthy mouthpiece to project Bob's ideas. If they do, Ziggy shouldn't give in so easily.

— HELEN MEAD

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Bros

Venue: Sheffield City Hall, England

What is it about Bros?

"It's because they've got lots of uuummmpfff!" burbles Joanne Kempton. The Brosette scans me through ersatz Ray Bans as her ticketless friends Linsey, Lisa and Louise cluster round, scarves and fan mags in their hands. Like most of the girls here they've styled themselves on their idols, short cropped hair, white shirts and 501s.

"Hey, don't bother with those," Joanne shouts as a mate runs after a spiv selling plastic shopping bags inscribed with the four letter word for the week: B***. "They're a real rip-off, £3.50 each. People must think we're dumb."

So if you can't get in what are you here for Joanne? "Because we think the boys are nice pieces." Huh? "Basically we'd like to shag them." What?! How old are you? "Fourteen."

I'm shocked.

Is that all Bros are to this nation's AA-cupped youth? Prime meat rather than three vegetables? One step inside the City Hall everthing becomes instantly clear. B*** might be seen as cabbages by the peat-cutters of musical culture — 'serious' rock critics — but to those who measure satisfaction in screamability they're pure beefcake. And we're not talking Wimpey here.

Anybody who calls a single "When Will I Be Famous?", becomes so in the process, and titles their album 'Push' is not to be f****d around with. Unless, of course, you happen to be a 14-year-old girlie. The band haven't put a DM shod toe on stage. Yet already it feels like the roof is about to take off as several thousand plus teenagers attempt to split their tonsils out through sheer lung power. Magic!

As we survey the stage set — a wall graffiti'd with Bros' names and, curiously, the LAS Rams — Night Network presenter, Mick Brown, plays DJ and incongruously attempts to instil gland-ular fever. He doesn't have to try hard. This audience is running on high octane hormones. "Boys, boys, boys," they shriek. On cue, to a fanfare, Matt, Luke and Craig burst out of the wall in a landslide of plastic bricks and dry ice.

The response sounds like a siren giving the three minute warning. Bros meanwhile, pose motionless for what seems like 20 minutes, all blond hair, leathers, and jeans with buttons strategically undone. "Are you ready to boogie?" inquires Matt ruffling his red, white and blue jacket which seems to be designed to show as much of his armpits as possible.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIII EEEEEEEEEEEEHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The trio, Luke on drums, Craig on bass, launch into a note perfect rendition of 'I Owe You Nothing', helped out by a large gaggle of session musicians. Even above the girlie pandemonium though one can hear he has a pretty reasonable voice for a pop star.

Not that he needs to sing. A rampant voodoo sex god buried in the body of the boy next door, the audience are under his spell. And as the songs spin out — 'Love To Hate You', 'Cat Among The Pigeons', '10 Out Of 10', 'Drop The Boy' and 'You're A Liar' — they join in, every word and note perfect.

As cuddly toys fly stagewards, pinned with roses, telephone numbers and promises of a good time, quite what Bros are singing about starts to sink in. Even the titles of their songs have an arrogance about them, a hardness within befitting HMS Thatcher and all who sail in her. There are exceptions, the AIDS—related 'Shocker', but mostly these are survivalist disco hymns.

Bros wind down with the song that really launched them, "When Will I Be Famous?', and a cheeky roadsign lights up on stage in front of the backdrop of the London skyline. It's glowing bulbs spell out a message full of innuendo: Warning! Flooding! Road Closed!

Forget the make-up jibes, Britain's premier knicker-wetting group have something far more precious, a sense of humour. Sorry to disappoint you, chaps, but all the seats in the house are dry. See, we've been standing on them since long before the concert started.

— JACK BARRON

Weddings Parties Anything

Venue: Corner Hotel, Melbourne

Weddings Parties Anything tore through cold Melbourne for two nights at the Corner — on Saturday night 650 people crammed into the place and called them back for four encores, on Sunday night the number seemingly got affected by the train strike and dropped down to 450 and two encores.

WPA's fusion of folk and punk has of course been irresistible enough for their shows to end up with wall-to-wall flailing. People have always cheered and gone looney during their shows.

But what impressed this time was the intensity of the performance, how their recent North American dates had honed them into a meaner machine. The arrival of new bassist Paul Lawler has made its changes too: more physical in his approach, his pogoing presence seems to have incentivated the others to jump and leap around more too.

Kicking off surprisingly with "Sgt Small" (usually kept to the last) they had the crowd up with "Sister Mercy", "Say The Word", "Away Away" and wonderful versions of Mark Seymour's "Throw Your Arms Around Me" and Ewan McColl's "Sweet Thames". "No No Never", one of Michael Thomas' songs swung along gracefully like a waltz and one of the new ones "Goat Dance At Falafel Beach" was an instrumental that evoked all the joy and enigma of Turkish ethnic music.

This is an interesting point for WPA. Through two albums, they've kept an audience that's continued to be impressed by their folky charm, even as they become more "professional" and more "disciplined", and as their songs become more direct. Their songs still have integrity, still have acute observations. There's no sense of a contradiction yet about the band.

Yet, somewhere in the future lies some heavy decision making. Will they continue in this vein, hoping forever that quality will win out? Or will they have to bury some of their nicer elements — the deranged folk punk frenzy, the Australian bush ethos, the notion of a 'physical man' band — into a slicker more commercial edge?

And are they smart enough to come through it?

— JOHN GREEN

• WPA pic by Matthew Deller

Live ON STAGE

• Cockroaches pic by Tony Mott

The Cockroaches

Venue: River Stage, Brisbane Expo

They belonged in a small cramped night club, with sweat and smoke-filled air, and hundreds of people grooving on, drinking warming liquids.

Instead, they took to the River Stage as the Mental As Anything support, and acted how they would act at any gig, including a small one.

The audience of about 10,000, some strict Mentals fans and others just there for the Cockroaches, were all won over to the band's partyish, poppy style by the end of their one hour performance.

With a ska'ish tinge to the whole night, The Cockroaches showed they were playing the same type of material they have always played. Skanking on stage to their own little tunes, the guys seemed just like a party band who had become widely popular.

The material from their first album was received well as was the material from their forthcoming album, *Fingertips*. The title track saw the keyboardist jump away, with great sounding organ work which gave the song life

"Voodoo Girl" showed a harder rock 'n' roll tinge to The Cockroaches, that was well suited to them. "Shotgun" had great keyboards and guitar work. Their rendition of the current single, "Hey What Now", was an interesting piece, with a '60s sounding beginning — (something like the Rolling Stones?)!

They managed to get great audience participation and gave a dynamic performance. They even had one of their roadies somersaulting across the stage during part of the show.

The band seemed well-oiled and was working well with the new line-up of Peter Mackie on bass instead of Phil Robinson, who is no longer in the band.

— NICOLA ROBINSON

MacGuffins/Sea Stories

Venue: Queens Arms Hotel, Melbourne

One of the joys of seeing young bands is being able to watch those who showed lots of promise when they began, actually mature and live up to all those expectations.

Neither Sea Stories, nor MacGuffins, fit into the male-dominated-hard-rockin'-inner-city-clique of Melbourne; both bands feature female musicians (not just token backing vocalist or up front sex object) and are patiently carving a niche for their idiosyncratic pop (White Cross being their only peers).

MacGuffins perform that style of pop that makes you want to gush superlatives — this band leave you smiling and wanting more. Upfront is Rowan, handling guitar and vocals, his passive vocal quality has developed from his original, almost nasal delivery and is well suited to his quirky quests for love and that occasional cheeky grin carries songs such as "I Need An Anchor In My Life Like You". There's Phillipa's gentle keyboards lifting their tunes out of Go Betweens territory and adding a very distinct sound of their own. Bass and drums work well together, strengthening the overall quiet sound and supplying a catchy beat guaranteed to keep the songs floating in your head for a number of days. Additional vocals from Phillipa aid the romantic sentiments and as a whole these musicians seem to be able to piece their songs together so that you feel they're all working at all times to treat the listener to an uplifting experience, similar to that the Chills supply. It's also hard not to admire a band with the ability and willingness to change arrangements of songs that have already proved popular in their familiar form, this night saw both "Simple Arrangement" and "Earnest" improved with a more uptempo treatment.

I was first tempted to view Sea Stories on the strength of their impressive debut *To Light The Home Fire*. Live, back then, Sea Stories were flat and uninspired, unable to reach beyond the one level. Now, however, they've evolved into a band that at times can sedate and at others lift the listener into a rollicking chorus, inviting you to dance. They've learnt to vary the use of voices and instruments with various members stepping off at times and a swap from violin to guitar and a more extensive use of Penny's voice. The music of Sea Stories now floats from a light folky feel right through to a more stripped-back, Leonard Cohen style.

Both these bands are becoming masters of articulate pop and you depart, satisfied that you've witnessed two bands moving ahead quietly and only looking up. Let's hope they don't have to leave Australia to find an audience, as I'd hate to think I was missing any of the action.

— ANDREW MAST

The Rum Babas

Venue: The Roundhouse, Revesby NSW

You cannot help but be a bit dubious about going to an alien suburb, miles away from the city on a winter's night (especially on a motorbike!).

The night The Rum Babas played at the Roundhouse in Revesby, it was difficult to be enthusiastic about being there, but knowing that I would see an interesting, entertaining band, I braved the cold.

Once inside this unfamiliar nightclub, the wait for the band to come was short-lived (fortunately). Two minutes after walking into the Roundhouse, The Rum Babas appeared on stage in a blaze of light, impressing the crowd with the big, rhythmical sound of 'Beat Of The Drum'.

It was interesting to observe the somewhat reserved audience (predominantly 18-25) who moved out of the shadows and up onto the dance floor as the band enticed them with their, vigorous, exciting beats.

Considering that The Rum Babas have never played at The Roundhouse before, the crowd was obviously impressed. How often do you see a crowd move to the front to get a closer look at a *support* band they don't know anything about?

Meanwhile, six girls were adhered to the front of the stage, securing their territory before the arrival of The Cockroaches (who were headlining). They too got into the groove and seemed pleased that had discovered an unknown band that they actually liked.

Small clans of males gathered about halfway through The Rum Babas set and hovered under the stage to get a closed look at the band's four attractive women, who proved themselves to be capable and enthusiastic musicians.

The Rum Babas play a blend of bouncy percussion pop with tribal-like influences (having two drummers in the band emphasises that sound). Their music has an uplifting feel and is not depressed by dark or morose tones.

The energy level of drummer Michele Kerr on drums and Sandy Novak, singer/percussionist, was both high-powered and passionate. Bass player, Janelle Novak (Sandy's sister) and guitarist, Katherine Tulich, complimented one another and the rest of the band to produce an uncomplicated, unblemished sound.

Most of the songs are original, but the band does a tough version of "Wild Thing", well suited to Sandy's unique and powerful vocals.

For a band that has been playing for just on six months, The Rum Babas covered plenty of ground and managed to impress the Revesby crowd.

JO POIDEVIN

Machinations

• Freddie by Marty Williams

Venue: Sydney Cove Tavern

There's no whiff of the inevitable about The Machinations. There's spectacle, there's history, there's changes in direction. But nowhere is there a succumbing to the decision that the musical peak has been achieved, that the rest of the career is made up of pretentions and parody.

After such a long stay away The Machinations still come up loaded with ideas. The introductory tape is of loud footsteps walking on a pavement; that in itself hides the footsteps as the band members take their positions onstage.

With fanfare, they dive into "My Heart's On Fire", stretching the song's drama and enigma further than they have before. Immediately the crowd is hooked, fully drawn into the music.

Their current shows see The Machis more as a hard hitting rock band, with more guitar, less props, better lighting. I've never seen them play a bad show, and I don't expect them to. With each break, with each year, other bands come back with altered purpose — from ambition to establishment, from achievement to survival, from establishing the legend to making the legend become lucrative.

The Machis play a great deal of their old stuff, sure, but they give them more texture, more moods. After all this time, "Pressure Sway" and "No Say In It" have a depth and intensity that's wonderful to hear; wow, their very first indie hit "Average Inadequacy", which came up as part of the encore, remains as fresh as ever.

Of the new material, "Uptown" and "Cars And Planes" were quickly absorbed and their rare cover, "Take Me To The River", a showcase for their female singer Toni, rivetting.

I really like The Machinations. They don't use con tricks to make the absence grow fonder, they don't expect us to be grateful that they are still there doing what they do. They know the market's tough out there, and they just keep honing their show, making it more exciting and dynamic, to keep the public on their side. In this day of con-artistry, we should be pleased for that.

— SIMON MAYNARD

Gig Guide

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N.S.W.

ABBEY ROAD
23 Avalon RSL
THE ALMOST BROS
24 Shanneys, Hurstville
BANDANA
23 Hills Inn
BEATNIX
21 Roundhouse, 23 Stags
IAN BLAKENEY
18 Shanneys, Hurstville
THE CHALLENGE
21 Shanneys, Hurstville
CHOO CHOO SHUFFLE
22 Feathers
COCKROACHES
20 St. James Tavern, 23 The Venue, Dee Why
CONDUCTORS
21 Sutherland Royal Hotel
CRASH POLITICS
20 Newcastle Workers, 22 Annandale Hotel
DANGLIN' BROS.
23 Selinas
KIRK DAVIS
19 Shanneys, Hurstville
DOC SPAN BLUES BAND
21 Feathers
ROB DUCKWORTH
22 Lucys Tavern
THE EARTHLINGS
22 Highwayman Hotel, Hornsby
MAL EASTICK BAND
22 Revesby Workers, 24 Lucys Tavern
EGO
22 Stags, Auburn RSL
THE EVERYS
22 Avalon RSL, 23 Harold Park Hotel, 24 Kardomah Cafe
FESTER FANATICS
21 St. James Tavern, 22 Hills Inn
ANDREW FIRTH
20 Tracks, Epping
GALAPAGOS DUCK
20 Tracks, Epping
GENERATION
20 Grand Hotel, Bondi, 21 Pennant Hills Inn, 22 Three Swallows Hotel
GOLD ZEPPELIN
22 Baulkhma Hills Sporting club, 23 Banjos
JAMES GRIFFIN & THE SUBTERRANEANS
20 Tiffanys
THE HELLMEN
21 St. James Tavern, 22 Hills Inn, 24 Sutherland Royal Hotel
HIPSLINGERS
22 Hopetoun Hotel, 23 Quay 1, Newcastle
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
20 Tiffanys, 22, 23 Selinas
IN THE WORKS
22 Shanneys, Hurstville
JOHNNY DIESEL & THE INJECTORS
19 Hotel Manly, 21 Banjos
JOHNNY TEEN & THE BROKEN HEARTS
21 Hotel Manly
MICK JONES BAND
23 Shanneys, Hurstville
KRISTINA JOY
20 Tracks, Epping
JUMP BACK JACK
20 Feathers
PAUL KELLY & THE COLOURED GIRLS
20 Tiffanys, 22, 23 Selinas
KING SNAKE ROOST
22 Sutherland Royal Hotel
LAB RATS
23 Sutherland Royal Hotel
L.A. CRUISERS
21 Kings Head Tavern, 22 Tourmaline Hotel, 23 Cambden Tavern
LIME SPIDERS
21 Hotel Manly, 22 Banjos
MARLON BLUE
21 Sutherland Royal Hotel
MASS APPEAL
24 Sutherland Royal Hotel
MAYDAY
20 St. George Sailing Club
METHODS OF DANCE
23 Hotel Manly
MIXED BUSINESS
23 The Venue, Dee Why
THE MOFFS
22 Lansdowne Hotel
MOTHERS
22 Hills Inn, 24 Sutherland Royal Hotel
MUNGABEANS
24 Palace Hotel, Darlinghurst
NEW KIDS IN TOWN
23 Palais Royale
1927
23 Cronulla Leagues
NO MANS LAND
20 Hopetoun Hotel
PARADISE GARAGE
22 Baulkham Hills Sporting Club
THE BRIAN PERKIN'S DELLIES & JOHNNY GARFIELD
21, 22, 23, 24 Twin Towns Services Club
THE PRANKSTERS
20 Hopetoun Hotel
PRESTIVE FIXX
20 Selinas
PSYCHOTIC TURNBUCKLES
23 Sutherland Royal Hotel
PURPLE
22 Palais Royale
RAGING WATERS
23 Feathers, 24 Hotel Manly
JAMES REYNE
19 Sweethearts, 20 Revesby Roundhouse, 21 The Venue, Dee Why, 22 Parramatta Leagues Club, 23 Cronulla Leagues Club, 24 Orange Ex-Servicemens Club
THE RUM-BABAS
20 St. James Tavern, 23 The Venue, Dee Why
SAVANNAH
22 The Roundabout, Hurstville
SEXATIONS
21 Sutherland Royal Hotel
SOUL SURVIVORS
22 Stallions, Parramatta
STOP THE CAMERA
22 Lithgow Workers, 23 Cannonball Express
SWINGSHIFT
21 Ingleburn RSL, 22 General Bourke Hotel, 23 Bankstown RSL
TAKE NOTICE
23 Hills Inn
THINK BABY THINK
23 The Roundabout, Hurstville
THREE-IN-A-TREE
19 Feathers
TNT
21 Planets, Fairfield, 22 West Tamworth Leagues, 23 Poplars, Taree
TORRID ZONE
23 Pips, Wollongong
JACKIE TRENT & TONY HATCH
21, 22, 23, 24 Twin Towns Services Club
THE UNDERDOGS
23 Stallions, Parramatta
UPS AND DOWNS
22 Selinas, 23 Hotel Manly
VEGIMITE REGGAE
21 Lucys Tavern
VENETIANS
19 Tracks, Epping, 20 St. James Tavern
VENOM P. STINGER
21 St. James Tavern, 22 Sutherland Royal Hotel
VICIOUS KITES
20 Selinas
VIVE LAS VEGAS
23 Daspto Leagues
THE WHOLE WORLD
24 Sandringham Hotel, Newtown
THE ZIPS
20 Carmens, Miranda, 21 Roundabout, Hurstville, 22 Sutherland Trade Union Club

Victoria

AAAARCH PATOUIS
23 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
ACCESS
19 Underground
AFRODISA
23 Sydenham Hotel
APE THE CRY
21 Preston TAFE (lunch), 22 Club For Heroes (Users Club), 23 Cub Club, Collingwood
AXE & SAX
21 Bayswater Hotel, 23 Sandown Park Hotel
BABY JANE
23 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
BACK TO SCRATCH
22 Westernport Hotel, Hastings
THE BADARTS
22 The Club, 23 Punters Club, Fitzroy
BAD NEWS BRATS
23 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
CHRIS BAILEY (ACOUSTIC)
21, 23 I.D.'s Nitespot, 24 Corner Hotel
BAKER BROS.
23 Underground
GREG BANKX
18, 20 Ferntree Gully Hotel
NICK BARKER & THE REPTILES
22 The Club Dancing Bar, 23 The Palace, 24 Corner Hotel
BARNEY DOES BEDROCK
22 Provincial Hotel, Ballarat
BEAT BOYS
23 St. Albans Hotel
BILLY LONELY
23 Royal Hotel, Mornington
BLACK SLACKS
23 Arnolds Cafe, Chadstone
BLUE RUIN
23 Forresters Arms
CINDY BOAST
19, 22 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 20 Waltzing Matilda, 23 Mordialloc Hotel
BOBBY & THE WADE BROS.
22 St. Albans Hotel
BONNIE & CLYDE
21 Eltham Hotel, 22 Palace Hotel, Camberwell
SHANE BOURNE
21 High Society, Westfield
THE BOYCUTTER
20 Queens Arms Hotel, St Kilda
BOYS NIGHT OUT
22 Pier Hotel, 23 Dromana Hotel
SCOTT BUCHANAN
18 The Regent Hotel, City, 21 Wayside Inn, Sth Melb, 22 Bush Inn Hotel, 23 The Regent Hotel, City
CALL BOYS
21 Wool Exchange, Geelong, 23 Westside
NELSONE CAMILLE
21 Bells Hotel, Sth. Melb. 22 Harp of Erin, Kew
CARMEN SUITE
23 The Tote
MARY JANE CARPENTER
22, 23 Ferntree Gully Hotel
THE CHA-BOOGIE BROS
21 Town Hall Hotel, Sth Melb, 22, 23 Victoria Hotel, Yarraville
GREG CHAMPION
21 Palace Hotel, Camberwell, 22 Eltham Hotel, 23 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
CHASING THE TRAIN
19 Velvets, Bendigo, 20 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool, 21 Mentone Hotel, 22 The Palace, 23 Village Green, 24 21st Century Dance Club
THE CHOICE
21 Riverside Inn
COBBERS
20 Dan O'Connell Hotel, 23 la Trobe Uni. Ball, 24 Lancefield Winery (arvo)
COVER TO COVER
23 Somerville Hotel
CRASH THE PARTY (ex-Crashmatts)
23 Wayside Inn
PETER CUPPLES
22 21st Century Dance Club
DANCIN' DAZE
22 Underground
ROBERT DARBY
23 Village Bell Hotel, St. Kilda
MARTHA DAVIS
19 Metro Nightclub
DEJA VU
22 Grandview Hotel, Brunswick
DE JENIRO BLUES
21, 22 Tok H, Toorak, 23 Sentimental Bloke Hotel
DESTITUTE
20 Riverside Inn
DIRTY RATS
22 Cranbourne Hotel, 23 St. Andrews Hotel, St. Andrews
DOUBLE TROUBLE
20, 22 Greensborough Hotel, 21 Mountainview Hotel, 22 Roxy Hotel, 23 Dorset Gardens
DRESS GRAY
20 Corner Hotel
JAMES EATON
19 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 20 Hotham City Diner, Hawthorn, 22 Block Tavern, City, 23 Falcons Nest Hotel, Nth. Melb.
11:59
20 Corner Hotel
ENNISBRAE
18 Elsternwick Hotel
THE FABS
21 Forresters Arms, Oakleigh, 22 Bundy's, Bundoora, 23 Isabellas, 24 Golden Gate Hotel, Sth. Melb.
MARTY FIELDS
18, 20 The Regent Hotel, City, 21 Bush Inn Hotel, 22 Lazar Melbourne, 23 Bush Inn Hotel
FLYING ZUCCINI BROS.
21 Riviera Hotel, Seaford, 22 Town Hall Hotel, Sth. Melb., 23 Rye Hotel
43 EAST
21 Riverside Inn
FRONTRUNNERS
21 Waltzing Matilda, 22 Sylvania Hotel, Campbellfield
GET OFF THE CAT
20 Zanies, 21 Lincolnshire Arms, Essendon, 22 Central Hotel, Brighton, 23 Kilkenny Inn, 24 Bensons
GIMIX
21 Sit Henry Barclay Hotel, Heidelberg, 22 Nicabellas, 23 Flite Deck, Essendon
GLORY BOX
20 Corner Hotel
GO GO GATERS
23 Waltzing Matilda
GRAND WAZOO BAND OF A THOUSAND DANCES
22 Flower Hotel, Pt. Melb., 23 Billboard
MARCUS GREEN
23 Rangers Hotel, Gembrook
GREEN SOCKS INCORPORATED
23 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
JERRY HARRISON & THE CASUAL GODS
22 Mentone Hotel, 23, 24 The Palace
COLIN HAY ACOUSTIC BAND
20 Madigans, Brunswick, 24 Botanical Hotel, Sth. Yarra
COLIN HAY BAND
21 Esplanade Hotel, 22 Star Hotel, 23 Mechanics Hall, Frankston
THE HIPPOS
19 Locarno Hotel, Horsham
HIS MASTERS VOICE
21 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
JON HOLLAND
19, 21 The Regent Hotel, City, 20 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 21 Zacs Restaurant (late), 24 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
HONEYMOON IN GREEN
24 The Tote
THE HONEYS
20 Cub Club, Collingwood, 21 Prince of Wales, 22 Old Greek Theatre, Richmond, 23 Middle Park Hotel
BRENDA HORIN
20, 21, 22, 23 The Regent Hotel, City
ANDREW HOSKING
22 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
ROD HULLS
18 Ferntree Gully Hotel
HUXTON CREEPERS
20 Chevron
THE IMPOSSIBLES
22 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha, 23 Tottenham Hotel
INDIAN SUMMER
20 Lazar Melbourne, 23 Gina's, Carlton
IN FOR RED
22 Croydon Hotel
INNER SECRETS
23 Provincial Hotel, Ballarat
INTOXICA
22 Corner Hotel
INTRUDER
22 Bell St. Rock, 23 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
PETER JACKSON
23 Underground
GERRY JAMES & THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY
18 Albion Hotel, 20 Richmond Club Hotel, 21 Edinburgh Castle, 22 Swan Hotel, Richmond, 24 Riverside Inn
JANZ
21 The Warehouse, 23 Zanies
JOHNNO'S BLUES BAND
23 Corner Hotel
JOHNNY FAVOURITE
24 Underground
THE JOHNNYS
21 Sundowner Hotel, Corio, 22 Corner Hotel, 23 Caledonian Hotel, Wonthaggi, 24 The Palace
JOKERS WILD
21 Argo Inn, 22 Sandown Park Hotel
ADRIAN KEOGH
21 Tower Hotel, Hawthorn, 22, 23 Dingley Hotel
KIA KAHA
21 Sydenham Hotel
KILLJOYS
21 Prince of Wales

MANAGEMENT REQUIRED
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LADY IN A JAM
21 Greensborough Hotel, 22 Shoppingtown Hotel, Doncaster, 23 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
LANTERNS
19 Cub Club, Collingwood
LAY BACK
20 Underground
LIQUID SKY
20 Queens Arms Hotel, St. Kilda
LONDON NEW YORK PARIS
21 Underground
LONELY BOYS
20 Intrepid Fox, 21 Tankerville Arms, 22 Bensons, 23 Her Majestys
GIL LONGLEY
18 Hotham City Diner, Hawthorn, 20, 21, 22 Block Tavern, City, 23 Palace Hotel, Camberwell
LOVE GONE WRONG
20 ID's, Prahran (acoustic), 22 Old Greek Theatre, Richmond, 23 Middle Park Hotel, 24 Cub Club, Collingwood
ANDY LUTZIE & ELECTRIC CO.
23 Ashley Hotel, Braybrook
MACHINATIONS
19 Metro Nightclub, 21 Wool Exchange, Geelong, 21 Eastern Railway Hotel, Ballarat, 22 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 23 Central Club, 24 Sundance Inn, Falls Creek
RON MARTINI
22 Underground
PETE MARWICK
23 Eltham Hotel
MASS CONFUSION
23 Moreland Hotel
MAYBE AN OMEN
21 Corner Hotel, 22 Cricketers Arms (early), 22 The Tote (late)
MARGARET MORRISON QUARTET
19 The Regent Hotel, City
M.P. DUO
23 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully
MUMBO JUMBO
23 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
MUNSTER TERRACE
22 Continental Hotel, Sorrento, 23 Meadow Inn, Campbellfield, 24 Barwon Club Hotel, Geelong
NAKED CITY
21 Riverside Inn, 23 Moonee Ponds Tavern
THE NAZZ
19 Edwards Tavern, 20 Her Majesty's, 21 Dingley International, 22 Blazers, Werribee Tavern, 23 Francis Hotel, City
NEO CLASSIQUE
20 Grainstore, 21 Central Club, 23 Mail Hotel, City
NEW FRONTIER
22 Mentone Hotel, 23 Star Hotel
NO REMORSE
23 Moreland Hotel
NO SECRETS
23 Astradome, Traralgon
ROSALEEN O'BRIEN
22 The Regent Hotel, City
ON THE ROCKS
21 Ferntree Gully Hotel
PAINTERS & DOCKERS
22, 23 The Club Dancing Bar
PARROT SKETCH
18 Langwarrin Hotel
PARTY ANIMALS
22 Sentimental Bloke, 23 Corner Hotel
PERSUADERS
20 Esplanade Hotel, 21 Central Hotel, Brighton, 22 Riverside Inn, 23 Tankerville Arms
THE PONY
23 Westernport Hotel
PRAY TV
22 Moreland Hotel
PRESSURE COOKER
20 Station Tavern & Brewery, Prahran, 21 Stones Tavern, Frankston, 22 Club Hotel, Ringwood, 23 Great Northern Hotel, Nth. Carlton
PRIVATE IDAHO
21 Underground
R.D.O.
21 Sandbelt Hotel, Moorabbin, 22 Harp Hotel, 23 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool
REAL TIME
21 Ferntree Gully Hotel
RECOMMENDED DOSE
23 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully
RENEGADE
23 Moreland Hotel
TIM ROBINSON
23 Palace Hotel, Camberwell, 24 Somerville Hotel
ROCK STEADY
21 Flite Deck, Essendon, 23 Dingley International
ROD SQUAD
22 Corner Hotel
THE RODZ
22 Waltzing Matilda, 23 Roxy Hotel
ROOM SERVICE BLUES BAND
23 Tower Hotel, Alphington
ROUTE 66
18 Intrepid Fox, 20 Loaded Dog, 21 Harp of Erin, Kew
SCARY BILL
24 Great Britain Hotel (arvo)
SCAT
23 Bensons
ELIZABETH SCOTT & JOHN LINDSAY
18 Loaded Dog Brewery
SEA STORIES
22 Old Greek Theatre, Richmond
SENSATIONAL ROCKET 88's
21 Locarno Hotel, Horsham, 22 Velvets, Bendigo
SHEER HEART
21 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
SHIFTERS
20 Richmond Club Hotel, 22 The Tote (early), 23 Beehive Hotel, Hawthorn
SLAUGHTERMEN
22 Middle Park Hotel
GEORGE SMILOVICI
20 Bendigo C.A.E., 21 Refinery, Geelong Hotel, 22 21st Century Dance Club, 23 Croydon Hotel (early), 23 The Palace (late), 24 Underground
BRODERICK SMITH
22 Central Club, 23 The Palace
THE SOMETIMES
21 Perseverance Hotel, Fitzroy
THE STATE
19 Metro Nightclub, 22 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 23 Central Club
STEALERS
21 Killkenny Inn, City, 22 Spy Hole, Parkview Hotel, 23 Sir Henry Barklay Hotel, 24 Brewsters, Essendon
THE STINGRAYS
20 The Roxy, Sth. Melb.
THE SWARM
21 Prince Of Wales, 22 Moreland Hotel
TEACHERS PETS
20 Central Hotel, Brighton, 22 Hot Gossip Dance Club, 23 Myrtleford F.C., 24 Sundowner, Geelong
TEA FOR THREE
24 Hotham City Diner, Hawthorn
TEMPLE OF DOOM
23 Intrepid Fox
TIGRESS
22 Lyndhurst Club Hotel, Brunswick
THE TRIMMERS
19 Intrepid Fox, 22 Flite Deck, Essendon, 23 Riverside Inn
TWILIGHT ZONE
22 Grand Hotel, Mornington
TWO TIMERS
24 The Regent Hotel, City
TYRNAROUND
21 Central Club
UP ALL NIGHT
21 Royal Derby Hotel, Fitzroy, 23 Zanies
VACATION IN HARLEM
21 Panton Hill Hotel, 22 Esplanade Hotel, 23 Valley Inn, Geelong, 24 Barwon Heads Hotel
STEVE VAN
22 Railway Hotel, Windsor
VENICE BEACH
24 Underground
VICE VERSA
21 Club Hotel, East Ringwood, 22 Village Bell Hotel, St. Kilda, 23 Ferntree Gully Hotel
VIRGIN SOLDIERS
20 Riverside Inn, 21 Union Hotel, Prahran, 22 Bell St. Rock, 23 Norwood High School, Ringwood Nth.
VORTEX
22 Brewsters, Essendon
WALKING WOUNDED
22 The Tote
WALL STREET CRASHES
22 Queens Arms Hotel
WEEKEND ROCKSTARS
21 Corner Hotel
WILD CATZ
21 Geelong Performing Arts Centre, 22 Centre Club, Morwell, 23 Wy Yung Hotel, Bairnsdale
WILD COLONIAL BOYS
19 Velvets, Bendigo, 29 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool, 21 Mentone Hotel, 22 The Palace, 23 Village Green, 24 21st Century Dance Club
ANDY WILLIAMS
24 Tigers Head Brewery, Nth. Melb.
WINDSCREEN VIPERS
22 Moreland Hotel
BRIAN WOOD
19 The Regent Hotel, City
WORD OF MOUTH
21 Corner Hotel, 22 Queens Arms Hotel, St. Kilda
WORLDS AWAY
24 Spy Hole, Parkview Hotel
YOGI GOES BEAR
23 Underground

West. Aust.

BONSAI
22 Cinecellars, 23 Candy Stor
BRENTON FOSDIKE
22 Karrinyup Tavern, 23 Cinecellars, 24 Mandurah
HUXTON CREEPERS
22 Old Melbourne Hotel, Perth, 23 Shenton Park Hotel, 24 Beaconsfield Tavern, Fremantle

Queensland

COPYCATZ
21 Jolly Swagman, Stafford, 22 Riverview Tavern, Waterford, 23 Raceview Tavern, Ipswich, 24 Country Club Hotel, Strathpine (arvo)
GUILTEDGE
20 Captain Cook Tavern, 21, 23 Sunnybank Hotel, 22 Burpengary Hotel
HOODOO GURUS
22 Brisbane Expo
LITTLE RIVER BAND
24 Hamilton Island

South. Aust.

ART ON TAP
20 Club Foote
THE BLOKES
21 Bartley Tavern, 22 Kent Town Hotel, 23, 24 Griffiths Head Tavern
CYNERGY
23 Port Dock Brewery
FORGOTTEN CO.
19 Club Foote
THE HIPPOS
20 The Woolshed, Bordertown, 21 Bridgeway Hotel, 22, 23 Tivoli Hotel
JERRY HARRISON & THE CASUAL GODS
18, 19 Le Rox
KIDNEY ART ENSEMBLE
19 Club Foote
NO REPLY
22 Port Dock Brewery
ROYAL GARDEN JAZZ BAND
24 Port Dock Brewery

Oz Concert Tours

LITTLE RIVER BAND & GLENN FREY
July 24: Hamilton Island
July 28-31: Seagulls Rugby Leagues Club
August 2: Civic Theatre, Newcastle
August 4: Station Hotel, Jindabyne
August 5: Entertainment Centre, Sydney
August 7, 8: Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide
August 10: Launceston Velodrome
August 12: Entertainment Centre, Melbourne

International Tours

MICK JAGGER
September 22: Entertainment Centre, Brisbane
September 26, 27: Entertainment Centre, Sydney
October 6: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
October 10: Burswood Superdome, Perth

VILLAGE PEOPLE
July 24: Ingleburn RSL, NSW
July 26: Manly-Warringah Leagues, NSW
July 28-31: Twin Towns Services, Tweed Heads
August 2: Expo '88
August 3: Newcastle Workers
August 4: Central Coast Leagues, NSW
August 5, 6: St George Leagues, NSW
August 7: Revesby Workers Club, NSW
August 8, 9: Swagman Restaurant, Vic
August 10: Hot Gossip Dance Club, Vic
August 11: The Palace, Vic
August 12: Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool, Vic
August 13: Goulburn Valley Hotel, Shepparton, Vic
August 14: 21st Century Dance Club, Vic
August 16, 17: Alexanders Restaurant, Vic

JERMAINE JACKSON
July 15, 16: Hilton Hotel, Sydney

LEO SAYER
July 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30: Hilton International, Sydney
August 1, 2, 3, 5, 6: Hilton International, Melbourne
August 10, 11, 12, 13: Hilton International, Adelaide

MARTHA DAVIS
July 19: Melbourne
July 20: Albury
July 21: Canberra
July 22: Gosford
July 23: Newcastle
July 26, 27: Coffs Harbour
July 28: Grafton
July 29: Lismore
July 30: Brisbane
August 2-8: Perth
August 10-14: Adelaide
August 19, 20, 21: Gold Coast
August 23-27: Sydney

MEGADETH
July 22: East Leagues Club, Brisbane
July 24: State Sports Centre, Sydney
July 26: Festival Hall, Melbourne
July 27: Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide

JERRY HARRISON
July 18: Adelaide
July 21: World Expo, Brisbane
July 22: Mentone Hotel, Vic
July 23, 24: The Palace, Melbourne

JOAN ARMATRADING
September 5: Brisbane
September 7: Melbourne
September 9: Canberra
September 11: Sydney
September 15: Adelaide
September 18: Perth
Venues T.B.A.

BANDWAGON

EDITED: BRYAN PATTERSON

DID YOU GET UP ON THE B-SIDE OF BED?

What's your idea of a perfect musical environment? Perhaps a 64-track digital studio run by technotypes, with wall to wall effects devices, drum booths, a seven-foot Steinway, a couple of Fairlights, color TV, coffee machine and a pool table.

Or what about a cramped bedroom in a tiny suburban house?

Melbourne rock duo 34 East (named after an obscure book title) chose the latter to record the B-side of their latest single.

It wasn't purely an economic decision. Frank Sablotny, Dave Holloway and engineer Glen Inglis were on a quest for knowledge. "We basically wanted to know if we could produce a pressing quality single in my bedroom," said Frank.

"We did the A-side at a good studio and when we compared the PCMs of both songs, they were virtually the same quality.

"But of course, it took a lot longer in the bedroom because we were all so cramped and because it was the first time we'd done anything like that."

Frank and Dave had previously worked as musicians in top recording studios. And both work with major music companies (Frank with The Electric Factory and Dave with Troy Music). But nothing had prepared them for the battles of the bedroom studio. They now admit that the experience taught them a lot.

The success of the operation depended upon initiative and good planning.

The equipment list included two Akai S900 samplers, an ESQ-1 synth, TX816 sound rack, MPC-60, Midiverb Two, a PCM-70 and two Ram mixing desks. That lot — plus Frank's bed — just about filled the room.

One mixing desk was used for mixdowns and the other for live dubs. All keyboards were put through the 16-channel desk while returns to the tape deck, vocals and guitars were put through the 10-channel desk.

"The desks were not Tac Scorpians by any stretch of the imagination so we had to go over every sound again and again and carefully tune everything to get the right mix," said Frank.

"The main problem we faced was noise reduction and at times it was just complete frustration where we tore our hair out."

Two NS-10 monitors were brought in to handle close monitoring and the duo performed virtually a live mix with vocals and guitars coming off an eight-track tape machine.

• The new ROM/RAM cartridge for the ESQ-1 synth.

• Bedroom mixers (from left) Glen Inglis, Dave Holloway and Frank Sablotny.

Frank handled most of the guitar work although a section of the song that called for a plucked classical guitar sound was accomplished via a nylon string sample on the S-900 sampler that was edited with accents to make it sound "more human".

The one acoustic part of the song — the vocal — was recorded in a long corridor with a bluestone wall just outside the bedroom/studio.

After seven gruelling days, the song was complete and ready for pressing. It was a physically demanding operation but financially, the duo outlayed virtually nothing.

"After seven days of that, I don't know if we'd go through it again," said Frank. "But I'm pretty certain that if we did it again, it would only take two or three days.

"But if you haven't got any money but lots of equipment — and most bands are in that situation — it's a great way to achieve quality. It just takes a bit of practice and if you use close monitoring, you can get by.

"I guess songwriting is still the most important thing of all anyway. A lot of bands have the production techniques pretty much in hand but suffer because their material is not strong enough.

"And even if the recording quality is not perfect, you can still produce an impressive single if you have a strong song."

The real moral of this tale is that initiative does pay off.

The A-side single "Why" and the B-side bedroom mix "Vou Lez Vous" has already sold 2000 copies on a pre-release deal in England and America. An overseas entrepreneur heard the disc at a trade show and decided to push it.

Australia gets its chance to hear the single when it is released in about six weeks.

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Executive Audio is also marketing a new cart for the Roland D-50 (128 sounds on ROM with secondary functions like pitch bend added).

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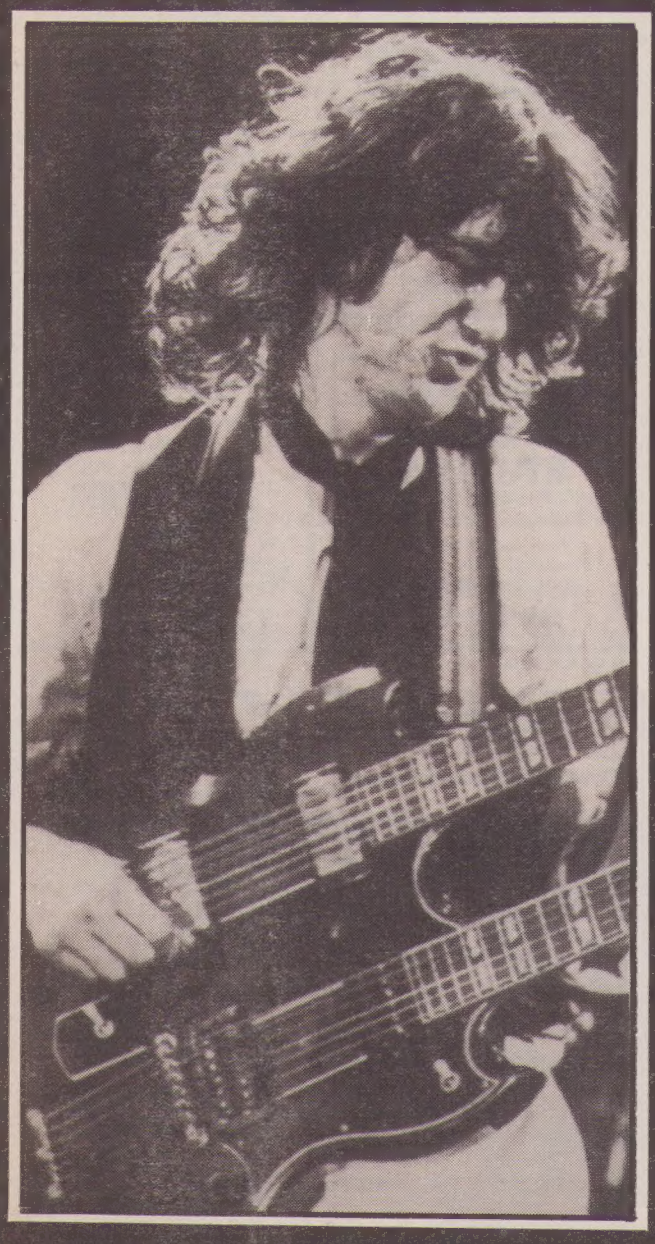

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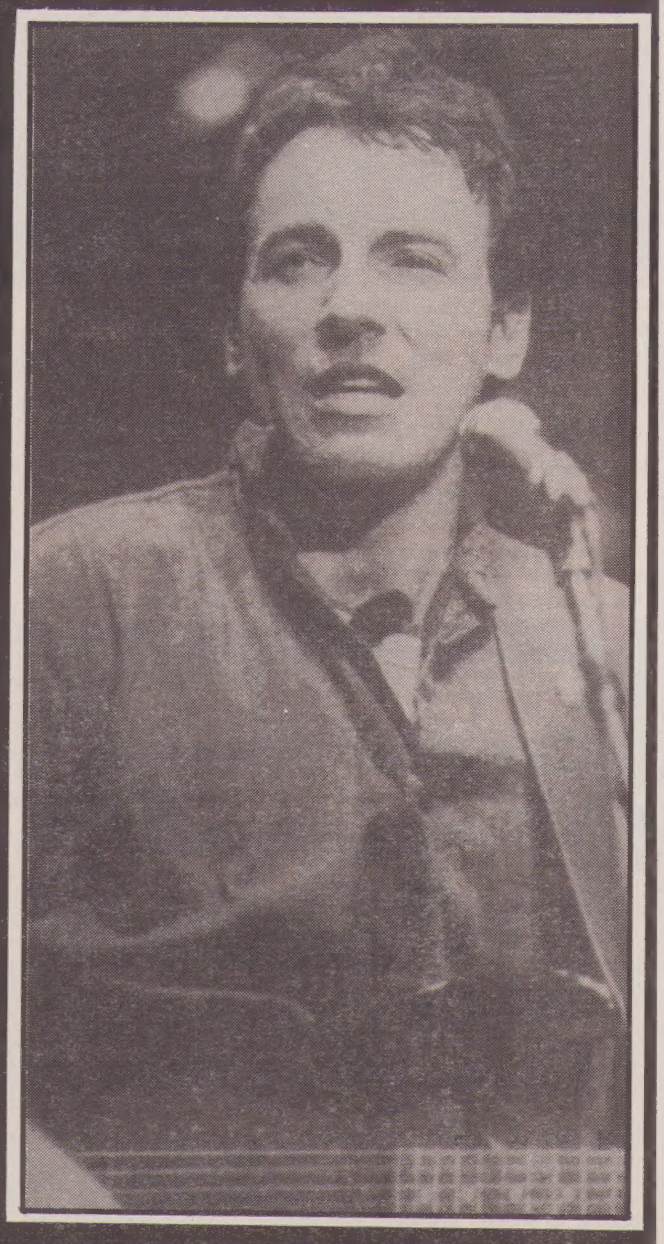

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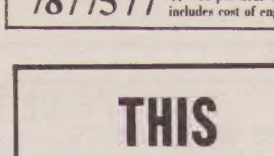

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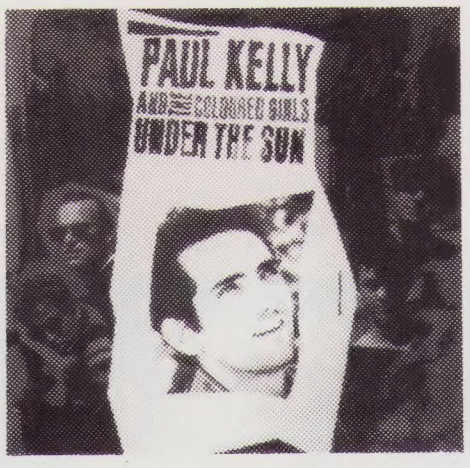

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